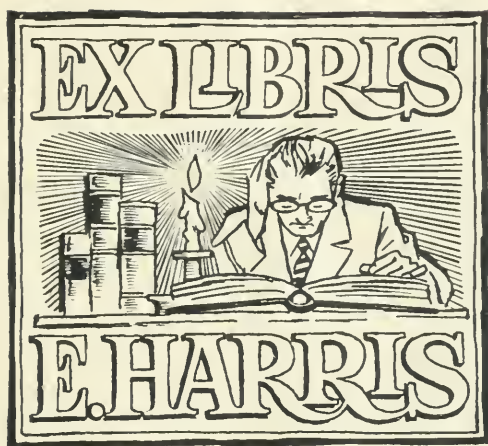


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THE JOURNAL OF THE RUSKIN
SOCIETY OF BIRMINGHAM

(THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE.)

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JOHN RUSKIN.

From the portrait by Professor Hirkomer, v.d.



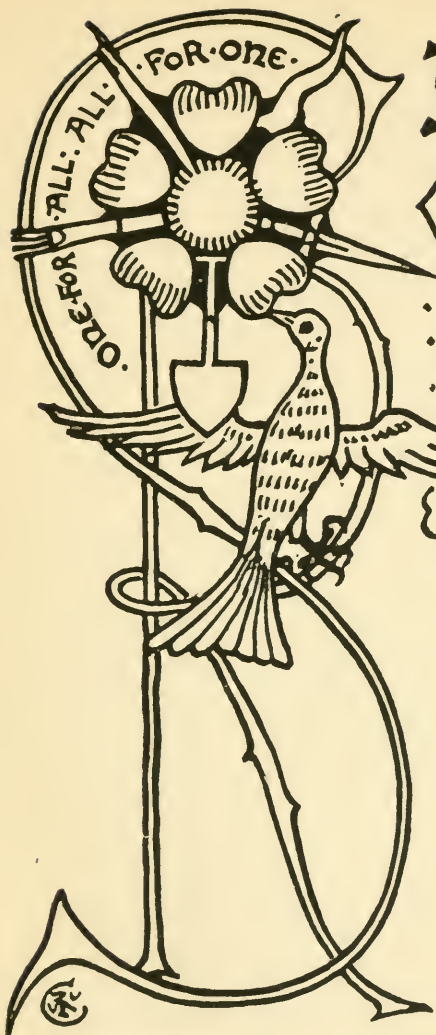
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Contents.

	Page		Page.
Above St. Paul's. By John C. Kenworthy - - -	115	Modern Modes of Advertisement - - -	114
Craftsman, The. By John C. Kenworthy - - -	175	Modern Merchant, A - - -	163
Editorial Note - - -	3	Modesty of Ruskin's Work - - -	212
Idea of Beauty, The. By Howard S. Pearson - -	127	Our First Number - - -	110
Ideal Woman of the Poets, The. By the Very Rev. Dean Stubbs - - -	4	Plimsoll, The late Mr. - - -	162
John Ruskin: Political Economist. By W. H. Silk - -	72	Recent Articles on Ruskin - - -	110
Language of Line, The. By Walter Crane, A.R.W.S. -	85	Ruskin, Mr., and the Birmingham Society - - -	113
Letter to the Editor: "The Purleigh Colony" - -	202	Ruskin and Spurgeon - - -	211
M. Sizeranne's "Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté." By the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe -	165	Saint George's Guild Ruskin Museum - - -	112
May Queen Festival at White-lands College - - -	147	State Children's Aid Association - - -	64
Nineteenth Century Ideals. By A. E. Fletcher - - -	168	Stones of Venice, The - - -	111
NOTES:		<i>Times. The</i> , and Lectures on Landscape - - -	111
Annual Excursion of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham - - -	164	Over-Specialism in Work and Life. By J. A. Hobson, M.A. -	187
Annual Report of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham -	112	Purleigh Colony, The - - -	202
Collingwood, W. G., Letter from - - -	65	REVIEWS:	
Gladstone and Ruskin -	161	Allegories - - -	106
Meeting of Ruskin and Gladstone - - -	211	Andersen's Fairy Tales - -	109
Midland Institute Ruskin Essay Competition - - -	112	Art and Pleasures of Eng-land, The - - -	154
		Auld Lang Syne - - -	156
		Bell's Cathedral Series - -	108
		Birmingham Magazine - -	160
		English Contemporary Art -	208
		Hesperides - - -	109
		Historical Guide to Venice -	210
		Lectures on Landscape - -	152
		Life of J. M. W. Turner, The - - -	62
		Life and Work of John Ruskin - - -	63

Contents.—*continued.*

	Page.		Page.
REVIEWS.—<i>continued.</i>		Saint George for Merrie Eng-	
Literary Year Book - - -	107	land. By Rev. J. Hudson,	
Millet, J. F., and Rustic Art	105	M.A. - - - -	145
Morris, William, his Art, his		Spirituality of the Universe,	
Writings, and his Public		The. By. Rev. R. C. Fil-	
Life - - - -	57	lingham - - - -	40
<i>Quarto, The</i> - - - -	158	State as a Parent, The. By	
Renaud of Montauban -	107	Mrs. S. A. Barnett - -	29
Tupper, John Lucas, Poems of	103	Tolstoy's "What is Art?" By	
Venice, Guide to - - -	210	John C. Kenworthy - -	67
Work of John Ruskin, The-	63		
Ruskin on Art and Ethics. By			
Rev. A. Jamson Smith, M.A.	121		

List of Illustrations.

	Page.
John Ruskin, from the portrait by Professor Herkomer, R.A.	Frontispiece.
Kelmscott Manor. From the Meadow at the back - - - -	57
Ditto. Entrance, front - - - -	58
Ditto. 17th Century Carved Bedstead - - - -	60
Line Drawings by Walter Crane, A.R.W.S. - - - -	87-91

SAINT GEORGE.


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(The Society of the Rose).

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January, 1898.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

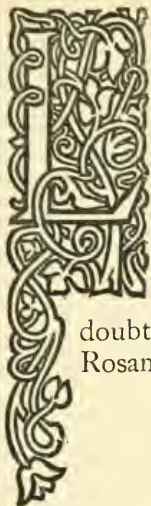
HE Council of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham regards the issue of a Quarterly Journal, of which this is the first number, as a necessary auxiliary to its work. That Society was founded to promote the study of Mr. Ruskin's works, and to influence public opinion, in relation to Arts and Ethics, on lines which he has indicated, and thus to encourage the higher life of which he is so eloquent a prophet. Although the Society has not yet completed the second year of its existence, it has been attended with a remarkable and gratifying success. It has been especially fortunate in securing for its lecturers scholarly and able exponents of the master's teaching, and it will be the chief aim of the conductors of this Journal to preserve, for the benefit of the members of the Society itself, as well as of the general public, the papers and addresses delivered by these distinguished members of the Ruskin brotherhood. But our work will not stop here. We hope to chronicle and advance local or national movements which tend to promote the ideals set before us in Mr. Ruskin's writings. We shall review, quarter by quarter, works dealing with Ruskinian or kindred subjects which come within the scope of our aims. Thus we hope that *Saint George* will help to foster a closer relationship at once among the various Ruskin Societies, and among the many individual followers who are not on the roll of any such society.

We hope, too, that it may find a response within the breasts of those who feel some divine discontent with our present social system, built upon competition—the Law of Death—and who yearn for the “rich dawn of an ampler day” when, in mutual co-operation and service, there shall be substituted the Law of Life.

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.*

By the Very Rev. Charles W. Stubbs, D.D. (Dean of Ely).

I.



ORD TENNYSON, in his *Dream of Fair Women*, in the very first stanza of that beautiful lyric, speaks of Chaucer's *Legende of Good Women*, and thereby surely reminds us that with the poets themselves there has been what one may not unfitly call an apostolic succession of ministry in Praise of Woman.

Let us begin then, as Lord Tennyson himself did, with Chaucer's Legend. In the late Laureate's dream, Iphigenia, Jephthah's daughter, Queen Eleanor, were doubtless good women, and Helen, and Cleopatra, and Fair Rosamond were certainly beautiful, but

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still,"

ushers us I think into a wider realm, and perhaps into nobler presences.

Consider for a moment or two the Prologue to his Legend. You will note how the apostolic succession, of which I spoke, comes in, for Chaucer in setting forth to tell us the story of nineteen good women of his own choice has evidently in his mind both the poem on illustrious women, *De Mulieribus Claris* by Boccaccio, and also Ovid's *Heroides*. But from the hundred and five tales of Boccaccio Chaucer borrows very little beyond the outline of the stories. To Ovid he is much more indebted, for he frequently translates whole passages both from the *Heroides*

* Being the Presidential Address delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 27th October, 1897.

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

and the *Metamorphoses*. It is remarkable however that neither Boccaccio nor Ovid tell the story of Alkestis, and neither indeed does Chaucer himself fully tell it, for his nineteen tales of good women never got beyond the ninth—and whence he learnt the story of Alkestis we know not certainly. And yet it was around that story that Chaucer had intended to group all the other legends of his good women, and it was to Alkestis, purest type of perfect wifehood, transformed by Chaucer's fancy into the Daisy Queen, and with complimentary allusions also to his own patroness, the Princess Anne, Queen of Richard the II., that the poet himself traced his inspiration.

There is one quaintly beautiful passage in that Prologue which you must let me read to you. It may fitly furnish the concluding paragraph of this preface to my lecture, and as fitly prelude what must be our real starting point in that antique realm of Grecian poetry, where, in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, Homer paints for us the pictures of immortal women—Helen, Andromache, Penelope, Calypso, Circe, Nausicaa—or where

“Our Euripides the human
With his droppings of warm tears
And his touches of things common
Till they rise to touch the spheres,”

tells us in that tragedy which is perhaps the masterpiece of Greek poetry of that noblest type of wifely sacrifice in the Alkestis.

Here however, before we pass on to the themes, are Chaucer's words. He begins by telling how, while sleeping in a meadow strewn with daisies, he had a vision of the Queen and received a message :

“The god of love, and in his hand a queen,
Clothēd in real habit all of green,
A fret of gold she haddē next her hair,
And upon that a white coroun she bare,
With many flourēs, and I shall not lie
For all the world, right as a daiseye
Ycrownēd is with whitē leavēs light,

SAINT GEORGE

So were the flourës of her coroun white.
Her name was Alceste, the debonnaire,
I pray to God that ever fall she fair;
For, haddë comfort been of her presence,
I had been dead, withouten any defence,
For dread of Lovës wordës and his cheer,
As, when time is, hereafter ye shall hear.
Behind this god of love upon the green
I saw coming of ladyës nineteen
In real habit, a full easy pass,
And after 'em come of women such a trass
That sin that God—Adam made of earth,
'The third part of women or the fourth
Ne wend I not by possibility
Had ever in this wide world ybe,
And true of love these women were eschoon,
Now whether was that a wonder thing or noon
That right anon as that they gone espy
This flower which that I clepe the dayseye
Full suddenly they stinten all at once
And kneeled down, as it were for the Nones,
And singen with one voice—' Heal and Honour
To truth of womanhood, and to this flower
That berth our alder pris in figuring,
Her white coroun berth the witnessing ?' "

The poet imagines himself arraigned before the Queen and the God of Love. He is rebuked by Alkestis because hitherto in his poetry he has only told the tales of how women have done amiss :

" Was there no good matter in thy mind,
Nor in all thy bookës couldest thou not find
Some story of women that were good and true ?
Yes, God wot, sixty bookës old and new
Hast thou thyself all full of stories great
That bothë Romans and eek Greckës treat
Of sundry women, which life that they lad,
And ever an hundred good again one bad."

And so as a penance the Queen sets him to write a glorious legend of goodë women : and as a final word she charges him :

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

“Have them now in thy legend all in mind,
For there be twenty thousand more sitting
Than thou knowest, that be good women all
And true of love for all that may befall.
Make the metres of them as thou list,
I must go home, the sunnē draweth west
To Paradise, with all this company
And serve alway the fresh dayseyc.”

II.

Let us turn then to the Ideal of Womanhood as it is portrayed for us by the early Greek poets. It is only of course with the ideals, as we may interpret them for ourselves in the pictures drawn for us in the legendary and poetical period of ancient Greece, as reflected that is to say in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* of Homer, as perpetuated in those great masterpieces of literature, the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and from them directly transferred to the pages of western literature, that we can be concerned in this Lecture. It would be indeed foreign to my purpose, even if in a single lecture such a course were possible, to endeavour to trace, through the later historical periods of ancient Greece, and so on into modern European life, the gradual change in the conception and the position of womanhood which has been brought about by the advancing tide of Christian civilisation. I must be satisfied for my purpose to-night, in regard to the literature of both Greece of Rome, with recalling to you the great pictures of noble womanhood which have influenced our modern Ideals, not in the slow growth of European civilisation, but by direct transference, many ages after their production, from one literature to another. In regard to Greece, at any rate, it must be sufficient to note the perplexing moral fact that it was in the earlier and ruder and more barbarous, as we should say, periods of Grecian history, not in the later and more refined, that the ideal of womanhood is to be found in its highest perfection. “The strange mysterious beauty of Helen

SAINT GEORGE.

of Troy, [that daughter of adventure, that child of change], how young, how virginal, how pathetic: the conjugal tenderness of Andromache: the unwearied fidelity of Penelope, awaiting through the long revolving years the return of her storm-tossed husband [calm, true, steadfast as a heroine of Hebrew story]: the heroic love of Alkestis, voluntarily dying that her husband might live: the filial piety of Antigone: the majestic grandeur of the death of Polyxena: the more subdued and saintly resignation of Iphigenia, excusing with her last breath the father who had condemned her: the joyous, modest, loving Nausicaa, whose figure shines like a perfect idyll among the tragedies of the *Odyssey*—all these are pictures of perennial beauty, which Rome and Christendom, chivalry and modern civilisation, have neither eclipsed nor transcended.”

And if, for purpose of more direct illustration, I must make choice among these, I do not hesitate to take the last and sweetest of all, the picture of Nausicaa, the perfect maiden, the purest, freshest, lightest-hearted girl in all Grecian romance.

How shall I tell the story? The shipwrecked Ulysses, fordone with toil and weariness, lies asleep on the rocky coast of Phœacia. The sea waves through which he has fared on his raft have wrought for him as it were a rough re-incarnation into the realities of life after his strange sojourn in the mystic grove of the goddess Calypso. The sea brine is the source of vigour, and into the sea waves he has cast, together with Calypso's raiment, all memory of her divine sweet voice.

Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, King of the Phœacians, is asleep in her chamber, when the goddess Athene, intent on saving her favourite the shipwrecked Ulysses, comes down to earth, and warns the maiden in a dream that she should bestir herself, and go forth and wash her clothes against her marriage day. Here are Homer's words. I give them from Butcher and Lang's translation:

“Anon came the throned dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

fair robes, who straightway marvelled on the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth with the women her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea purple stain, but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned kings in their council whither the noble Phœacians called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: 'Father dear couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea, and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, shouldest have fresh raiment to wear. Also there are five dear sons of thine, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new washen garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought.'

"This she said because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father: but he saw all and answered saying: 'neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee my child. Go thy ways, and the thralls shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame.'"

And so the Princess and her maidens jog downward through the olive gardens to the sea. The Princess holds the whip and drives, and when she reaches the stream's mouth by the beach, she loosens the mules from the shafts, and turns them out to graze in the deep meadow. Then the clothes are washed, and the luncheon is taken from the basket, and the game of ball begins. How the ball flew aside and fell into the water, and how the shrill cries of the damsels woke Ulysses from his sleep, you must read for yourselves. The girls are fluttered by the sight of the great naked man, rugged with brine and bruised with shipwreck. Nausicaa alone, as becomes a princess, stands her ground and questions him. The simple delicacy with which this situation is treated makes the whole episode one of the most charming in Homer. Very natural and not less noble is the change from pity

SAINT GEORGE.

to admiration expressed by the maiden, when Ulysses has bathed in running water and rubbed himself with oil and put on goodly raiment given him by the girls. Pallas Athene sheds true grace upon his form, and makes his hair to fall in clusters like hyacinth blossoms, so that an artist who moulds figures could not shape a comelier statue. The Princess, with yesternight's dream still in her soul, wishes that such an one might be called her husband. Girlishly simple and sweet and modest, intelligent and fearless, "quick to perceive the bearings of her strange and sudden adventure, quick to perceive the character of Ulysses, quick to answer his lofty and refined pleading by words as lofty and refined, and pious withal—for it is she who speaks to her maidens the once so famous words :

"Strangers and poor men all are sent from Zeus,
And gifts, though small, are sweet"—

clear of intellect, sweet of temper, maidenly in reserve, fearlessly frank of speech—this is Nausicaa as Homer draws her, and as many a scholar and poet since Homer has accepted her, for the ideal of noble maidenhood.

Let me leave with you her last word spoken in the *Odyssey*, as she leans against the pillar of the banqueting hall and gazes at Ulysses as he passes to his place at the feast. Would to God its deeper meaning might be realised by every English maiden who, all unconsciously perhaps to herself, holds the future of her lover's fortune in life in her hand to make or mar. "Hail, guest, and be thou mindful of me, when perchance thou art in thine own land, for to me the first thou dost owe the price of life!"

IV.

We may pass even more rapidly, I think, through the picture gallery of illustrious women, painted for us by the poets of ancient Rome. For the Romans were not a poetic or ideal people, in the same kind or degree, as the Greeks had been. Their poetry

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

appeals rather to the reason and the conscience and the will, not to the emotions and the soul, or to the spirit of romance that lies deep in every healthy human heart. Roman poetry is more authoritative, less speculative than that of the Greeks. Worldly Wisdom rather than Beauty is the Poetic Muse of Rome. And even in Horace, when he raises a discussion on the *summum bonum* of life, we are at once sensible of the vagueness of an ideal which relies on texts and moral maxims, rather than on the glowing act of some living personality for its attainment, and we feel at once the poetic limitation of the Roman mind. Social tact, personal reticence, judgment of character, the imperial spirit, the majesty of government, these are the topics loved by the Roman poet. Seldom indeed does he turn to deeds of passionate self-sacrifice, of enthusiastic heroism, of romantic love.

In regard to the ideals of womanhood therefore, the Roman poet never reached the lofty human conceptions of the Greek. In the Augustan age of Rome it was not perhaps surprising. For a nation, in whose greatest city there was dedicated on the Palatine Hill a temple to the goddess Viriplaca, the appeaser of husbands, always crowded by Roman matrons, among whom at one time according to the strange, but I fear not incredible story of Livy, there was discovered a vast conspiracy to poison their husbands, does not seem to offer likely ground for the growth of noble ideals of womanhood.

"Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion" is a fine saying no doubt. But the world has perhaps taken Cæsar a little too readily at his own word and has forgotten the outraged Pompeia, and failed to discern in the glittering and sounding generality the base slander of a man who was hunting for pretexts to divorce his wife. But there were good women no doubt among even the ladies of the Empire in the Augustan age. And yet few of them ever appear in the pages of Roman poetry. The women of Plautus are uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better, and the only one among them, that I can remember, who ever did a good action,

SAINT GEORGE.

begs pardon of her husband when he convinces her of her criminality in doing it—"Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fator, Vincor"—"I was wrong, my Chremes; I own it, I am conquered." And her crime was that she had saved her child from being murdered. And Virgil,—What of Virgil?

"Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars and filial faith and Dido's pyre;
Landscape lover, lord of language, more than he that sang the 'Works and Days'
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase.

* * * * *

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

What has he to say in praise of woman? Alas! alas! He falsifies alike both the era and the history of his noblest heroine Dido, to make her odious and contemptible. His Queen Amata is a turbulent and tippling shrew. The Princess Lavinia is undutiful and unbelieving. His goddesses are little better. Juno is always in a passion. Camilla is the only female figure of whom the poet begins to speak well, but he soon descends to a lower level, and shortly ends by calling her "*aspera, horrenda virgo!*"

As to Horace, it would puzzle anyone to find a decent woman in all his poems, unless indeed we except the lines in which he compliments Livia, the wife of Augustus, as "*unico gaudens mulier marito,*" or the "*splendide mendax et in omne virgo nobilis ævum*" of the eleventh ode of his third book:

"One only, true to Hymen's flame,
Was traitress to her sire forlorn:
That splendid falsehood lights her name
Through times unborn."

His ladies for the most part are all Chloes, Delias, Lyces, Lydias, Lalages, and Cynaras, and of most of them, I fear, it must be said that they added to the worship of Cupid that of Bacchus. And yet—and yet—for the sake of many a dear old bachelor don of the old school, gentlemen and scholars, one would like to forgive this prince of good comrades and fine

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

talkers, his want of chivalry and heroine worship, and to think that after all perhaps his irony and cynicism may be in great part mere persiflage, and to remember that under the graceful gaiety of his epicurean maxims there is still a ground tone of sadness, as of one who felt "the riddle of the painful earth," and found its best solution, not in the gaiety and the wit and the *fugitiva gaudia* of a refined but empty society, but—to quote Wordsworth's lines of him—in

"The humblest note of those sad strains
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well ;
Or where the prattle of Bandusia's spring
Haunted his ear, he only listening !"

"*He only*"—poor old bachelor !

Of Juvenal I need not speak. His trade was universal satire. He says somewhere that he had scarcely ever heard of a thoroughly modest woman since the golden age.

I must leave the ideals of Catullus, of Lucretius—the two greatest poets of the last age of the Republic, perhaps of any Roman age—and of Ovid and Propertius—the two greatest at the close of the Augustan age—unrepresented, although I could wish I had time to read you some passages from that noble elegy of Propertius, in which that poet imagines for us "the apology of Cornelia for her life," uttered before the judge of Hades. It is a fine ideal of Roman matronhood, a noble picture, if a little wanting in spontaneity and inspiration, of that dignity of manners, of that greatness of heart, of that piety of motherhood, which we instinctively feel, from the testimony of the great prose writers, and still more perhaps of the sculptured busts and statues which have come down to us, *must* have been realised in *some* of the women of the great Roman families in that otherwise corrupt age.

V.

It is not possible of course to mark out with absolute precision the chronology of a moral sentiment. But yet there can be little question I think that in the history of European civilisation, the change of sentiment with regard to the position of woman synchronises with the changes from Pagan to Christian influences. Are we right then in saying that Christianity instituted this change? Or would it be more correct to say that Christianity constituted itself the representative of the change? Those are difficult questions to answer: and the discussion they involve is too wide for our consideration here. But this we may surely say. The Greek world wrought its best to give us imperishable ideals of womanhood, which still exert a direct influence on the poetic imagination and the national sentiment of English literature to-day. The Roman world wrought I suppose its best also, and gave us the women of Rome's golden age, and their ideals exercise but little influence on the motive or mood of modern poetry. Christianity however, has not yet wrought her best, her ideal life is still ever mounting upward, and she has already enthroned in place and power a very pure and noble Ideal of womanhood.

VI.

Let us turn then now to consider how in the history of the poetic ideas of our own land at any rate, that upward movement has progressed from level to level, to produce that ideal which I doubt not is enshrined in most of our hearts. It is of course impossible in the time at our disposal to do anything more than to place a cursory finger from point to point on that marvelously diversified chart which shows the progress of our English literature through the great epochs of our history. Let me however endeavour to give you illustrations of changing type from representative poets of at least four widely differing periods.

Come back with me to the middle of the eighth century.

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

In the library of Exeter Cathedral there is an old book, or rather a roll of MSS., which I have myself seen, known by the name of the Exeter Book, containing probably the noblest product of early English genius. The book has lain in the Cathedral library ever since the day when it was placed there in the year 1071 by Leofric the first Bishop of Exeter, the Chancellor of England, the friend and counsellor of Edward the Confessor. In Leofric's catalogue of the books he placed in the library, the entry of this book written in choicest Anglo-Saxon reads thus: "A great English book on all sorts of subjects, wrought in verse." The first place in that book is held by that remarkable poem which is probably the oldest *Christiad* of modern Europe—Cynewulf's *Christ*. This is followed by the *Dream of the Holy Rood*, *Juliana*, *Elene*, *Andreas*, *Guthlac*, and the *Fates of the Apostles*. It is to this poet, and especially to his two poems, *Juliana* and *The Christ*, that I would make my first appeal.

Of Cynewulf himself we know very little. From the fact that the scenery of his poems closely resembles the coast scenery of Northumbria—the storm-lashed cliffs, the wintry tempestuous seas often weltering with ice—it is generally conjectured that he belonged to one or other of the towns of that region—Whitby, Jarrow, Lindisfarne, Tynemouth—all centres of learning in touch with the great Monastic School at York, and all places in which a poet would breathe that atmosphere of the sea which is so characteristic of the early poetry of our English forebears. Born about the year 715, twenty years or so before the death of the Venerable Bede,—in early life he seems to have been a wandering singer, passing from place to place, "moving at ease among rich and poor, as ready to verse a rude, even a coarse song, for the peasant and the soldier, as a lay of battle or of ancient wisdom for the Ætheling or the Abbot or the King, loving praise in the hall and fond of gifts, loving solitude also when the fit came on, and hiding himself from man, having a clear consciousness of his worth as a poet . . . indifferent to religion." Then there came a time when

SAINT GEORGE.

this careless life of the wandering minstrel or saga-singer passed away "like the hasting waves"—he says himself—"like the story which ends in silence." He is in bitterest sorrow, convinced of sin, fearful of the wrath of God, so full of remorse for the careless past that his song-craft leaves him. He is no more a poet. Then he wins hope again with a vision of the redeeming power of the love of Christ, and the craft of song returns. "God himself," he says, "unlocked the power of poetry in my heart." And the first thing that he wrote was the *Juliana*, to be followed by *The Christ*. Both poems are full of trumpet-tongued passages of joy and piety, pathetic wailing lyrics of passionate prayer and supplication, vivid dramatic pictures, rushing choric outbursts of praise and victory. And both are typical of that union of the old Pagan faith, and the new Christianity which was necessarily characteristic of our forefathers in the eighth century. Christ, for example, is undoubtedly a divine and imperial figure, supreme over heaven and earth, the Lord of glory and the everlasting son of the Father, the judge of the quick and dead, but yet conceived, somewhat saga-fashion as a victorious king, whose apostles and saints are thegns and æthelings, dispensing gifts of service among his thralls, waging a world-wide war in which earth and heaven and hell are mingled, and who, when the victory over the dark burg of hell shall be won, will sit down to feast with his warriors in the great hall of the light burg of heaven, amid the singing of the angels, who are the bards of the battle. The old Pagan faith in fact is Christianised, but the new Christian faith is also somewhat Paganised.

And this intermingling of ideal is seen also in this early English poet's conception of womanhood, as set forth in his *Juliana*.

In the days of Maximian, he says, there was a certain prince, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, whose heart began to love Juliana, daughter of Africanus, but she said 'nay' to him unless he became a Christian. But his heroine is a woman of the true northern type, generous and gentle and winning, but firm of char-

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

acter, resolute of will, royal of bearing. The story is nothing. It follows the usual lines of the acts of innumerable female saints. But this quality of her character, resoluteness of purpose and will, carried almost to grimness, is the quality upon which Cynewulf builds all the action of his poem. "No torments," she cries, "will make me waver from these words of mine," so firm is the maiden soul of the strong-hearted heroine of the cross. Through one strife after another she passes, always firm as rock, always triumphant, and always fixed as fate. She is thrown into prison, and a quasi-epic character is given to the poem by the introduction of the supernatural. As she sits in her cell, the devil appears to her in angel shape and bids her sacrifice to the Gods. "Whence art thou?" she says "I am," he replies, "an angel of God, and I bid thee save thyself." She answers by an impassioned prayer to God that He will keep her true, and reveal to her what kind of man this is, this "flier through the lift" who bids her fall away from God. And a voice answers out of the sky: "Grasp at the wicked one and hold him fast, until he tell thee all concerning his works." And the devil is forced to stay with the maiden and talk all the night long, to his great trouble and dismay. He is forced to obey, and speaks of many of the wrongs he has wrought among men, and hopes then to escape. But "say on," cries Juliana, with grim humour and perhaps endless curiosity: "say on, thou uncleanly spirit." And the fiend four times despairingly tries to escape, and four times he is forced back to confession by the woman. "It is a bitter business," he cries, amazed with the woman. And then he tries compliment, and at least his compliment adds to our conception of the strength of this amazon of the faith. "No man was ever so brave as thou, O holy maiden, to lay hands on me: not one on all the earth was ever so high spirited: not one of the Patriarchs or yet of the Prophets could crush me as thou hast done, nor bind in bonds my strength when I came from the dark to sweeten sin for thee. Misery has come of that and heavy battle. Never shall I dare after this bitter pun-

SAINT GEORGE.

ishment, to rejoice amid my comrades of this voyage, when I take back my wretched failure to my joyless dwelling." Then the dawn breaks and the devil is free. "There is not a woman in the world," he cries, "of greater spirit, nor among maids one mightier in anger than thou art." The last scene of her martyrdom immediately follows. She endures all, and every pain only enhances her beauty. At the moment of beheadal the fiend returns and sings a scornful song, but Juliana glances at him and he takes his flight. "Woe is me accursed, a second time she will disgrace me as before." Victorious, the Virgin Saint makes her last speech to the people, and all her softness and sweetness return. She is the winsome maiden, the tender loving girl, "the dearest" daughter of her father, his sweetest sunshine, the light of his eyes, "fulness of youth, thou hast, infinite gifts of grace and bloom of loveliness." And her death words are those of a noble woman: "Peace be with you and true love for ever."

Cynewulf's poem of *The Christ* is a poem which reaches still higher levels of heroic vision. It is not too much I think to say of it that "the lofty magic of Milton's mighty mouthed harmonies," and not less perhaps Milton's sombre Puritan faith and its somewhat lurid conceptions of the future of the unsaved, come down to him in legitimate descent from this earliest exaltation of English Psalm. But in the poem, as perhaps indeed throughout the history of the popular Christianity of early and mediæval England, the somewhat sombre and grim aspect of the semi-paganised Gospel, is brightened with the idyllic beauty of the figure of Our Lady, and through her, of that conception of womanhood, which, whatever may be the mistakes and heresies of a later Mariolatry, yet undoubtedly did so much to soften and refine the heroic ideals of our early forebears.

"For in reverence of the Heavene's Queene
They came to worship allē women that bene."

"And be pleased to recollect good Protestant feminine hearers" (I am now quoting the words of Mr. Ruskin, your Master), "if you

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

have in known history, material for recollection, this (or if you cannot recollect, be you very solemnly assured of this) that neither Madonna worship nor Lady worship of any sort, whether of dead ladies or living ones, ever did any human creature any harm—but that money worship, wig worship, cocked hat and feather worship, plate worship, pot worship, and pipe worship, have done and are doing a great deal—and that any of these and all are quite millionfold more offensive to the God of Heaven and Earth and the Stars than all the absurdest and lovingest mistakes made by any generation of his simple children about what the Virgin Mother could or would, or might do or feel for them.”

More than half of the beginning of Cynewulf's *Christ* is dedicated to S. Mary's praise. The sweet and tender grace, the humility and loving kindness of the Virgin, her maidenhood, her motherhood, became for the men of mediæval England the most vivid and beautiful image that filled the minds of men after the image of Christ. Her entrance into the poem is managed with much dramatic effect. As she comes into view she is hailed, as by a chorus, and the sons and daughters of Jerusalem call to her to tell her tale—

“In the glorious glory Hail! gladness thou of women,
Loveliest of maids in the lap of every land,
That the ocean rovers ever listened speech of,
Makes us know the mystery that hath moved to thee from Heaven.”

And Mary “ever full of triumph” answers

“What is now this wonder at the which ye stare,
Making here your moan, mournfully awaiting
Son of Solima, daughter thou of Solima?’
Ask ye no more: the mystery is not known,
But the guilt of Eve is closed and the curse overcome.
The lowlier sex is glorified and Hope is won,
And men may dwell with the Father of Truth for ever.”

I cannot enter further into the pictures of this poem—it would lead too far into that realm of Theology from which to-night at

SAINT GEORGE.

least I am debarred—but I have said enough I hope to show you how in this early English poetry, there are female figures of excelling beauty, clothed in a tender light, and yet of a character faithful, strenuous, firm, and how the relation of women to men, which played so large a part in English policy and war while England was yet heathen, received a fresh dignity from Christianity. You must follow up for yourselves in the pages of Bæda, and in legend after legend in his history of the northern church, in the story of S. Hilda and Aidan at Hartlepool, of S. Cuthbert and Ælfleda at Whitby, of the Archbishop Wilfrid and S. Audrey, in my own island city of Ely, amid the rushy fens, and in all the poetry which the emotion of the people collected round these great names, you will find ideals of noble womanhood, to be passed on to future generations of English men and English women, as an inspiration and a guide to noble life, and a proof also perhaps that the root of the matter was in us more than a thousand years ago.

VI.

Once again let me ask you to travel with me five centuries further down the highway of time to that age of chivalry and romance and of feudal genius which is embodied for us in the great cycle of Arthurian Legends. In that vast cluster of tales, which, in the song and ballad of wandering minstrel and troubadour, gradually gathered round the person of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table we have symbolised the good work which was done for the world of the middle ages by the social institution of feudal chivalry. For all practical purposes we English people have that cycle in its best form, for the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory, compiled in the reign of Edward IV., is wrought into a mould of pure English hardly second to the English of the Bible. The closing books of it “may certainly rank, both in conception and form, with the best poetry of Europe: its quiet pathos and reserved strength may

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

hold their own with the epics of any age." How great was the influence of that fine epic, not only in nourishing the imagination, but also in fashioning the manners of English gentlemen in relation to womanhood in the times of the Tudors, we may gain some hint from the terms in which Caxton, our great English printer, speaks of it in the preface to his first printed edition in the year 1488.

"I have set it down in print," he says, "to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke: humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what estate or degree they been of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories of noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil."

Now the root idea of chivalry is the service of woman. The names of God and of his lady are ever united on the lips of a true knight, for the motto of chivalry in its best period was "Dieu et ma Dame." "Always to do ladies, damosels and gentlewomen service upon pain of death" is the essential clause of the knight's fourfold oath of courage, kindness, obedience, purity, which has been translated for us so beautifully by Lord Tennyson in the well known lines:

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,

SAINT GEORGE.

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her: for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man."

But for illustration of the ideal woman herself of this period I am somewhat at a loss. The real woman of the *Morte d'Arthur*, indeed or of any other of the poems of the Arthurian cycle, the Queen's Gwenver and Margause and their ladies of the court—all save the lily maid of Astolat—for "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable," and "Enid, Yniol's daughter, Geraint's wife, Enid the Good," are I fear very modern renderings of Malory's heroines—seem hardly worthy of the worship they inspire in the hearts of their lovers and their lords.

I think we must go back a century or so for our ideal woman of the poets in mediæval England, to our first starting point, Dan Chaucer. And with his *Canterbury Tales* in my hand I am sorely tempted to take as my ideal woman the Madame Eglantine of the prologue, the lively Prioress, with her courtly French lisp, her soft little red mouth, and her brooch with its posey "Amor vincet omnia," if it were only for that one perfect line—"and all was conscience and tender heart."

But take this picture instead from the *Franklin's Tale*:

"In Armoric that clepèd is Britaine,
There was a knight that loved and did his pain
To serve a lady in his bestë wise:
And many a labour and many a great emprise
He for his lady wrought ere she were won,
For she was one the fairest under sun,

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

And eke thereto come of so high kindrèd
That well unnethës durst this knight for dread
Tell her his woe, his pain and his distress.
But attē last she for his worthinesse
And namely for his meek obeyisance
Hath such a pity caught of his penance
That privily she fell of his accord
To take him for her husband and her lord,
(As such lorship as men have over their wives)
And for to lead the more in bliss their lives
Of his free will he swore her as a knight
That never in all his life by day nor night
Ne should upon him take no mastery
Agens her will, ne kythe her jalousie
But her obey, and follow her will in all,
As any lover to his lady shall :
Save that the *name* of sovereignty,
That would he have for shame of his degree.
She thanketh him, and with full great humbleness
She said, sir, sith of your gentleness
Ye profer me to have so large a reign
Ne woldē never God betwixt us twain
As in my guilt, were either war or strife
Sir I will be your humble truē wife,
Have here my troth, till that mine hearti brest,
Thus be they both in quiet and in rest,
For o thing, sirrēs, sauffly dare I say ?
That friendēs ever each other most obey
If they will longe holden companye
Love will not be constrained by mastery.
When mastery cometh the god of love anon
Beateth his wingēs, and farewell, he is gone.
Love is a thing as any spirit free
Women of kind, desiren liberty
And nought to be constrainèd as a thrall.
And so do men, if I sooth sayen shall."

VII.

I must hurry somewhat to a conclusion: and yet it is difficult with all the lyric glories of the Elizabethan age before one, the high-strung exaltation and keen lyric cry of Marlowe, the full-coloured romance and impassioned vision of Beaumont and Fletcher, the fine poetic fancy of Jonson, the sombre genius and gloom of Webster, the sunshiny pastorals and garrulous gossip of Herrick, the sententious gravity of Wyatt, the rare strength and sweetness of Raleigh, the keen reality and swing and force of Philip Sidney, the bird-like freshness and cadency of Campion, the marvellous fertility of invention and majestic diction of Spenser, the supreme genius of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, it is difficult not to linger, but the area of choice is too great. If I began to quote I could not cease, but I could not well end a lecture on the true place and dignity of womanhood in human life without reminding you of Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of the heroines of Shakespeare in his *Sesame and Lillies*.

VIII.

With regard to the Poets of the Victorian Age you might suppose perhaps that I should be in the same difficulty as that in which I feel myself with regard to those of the Elizabethan. The area of choice again seems seems altogether too wide. And indeed Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Landor, Clough, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti, Patmore, Arnold, Morris, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Tennyson, Browning, do indeed form a golden roll of illustrious names. And yet for myself at any rate, I have no difficulty in selecting from these many witnesses two passages in Praise of Woman, which stand out conspicuously and which in their several ways, I think, can hardly be surpassed in all literature. The first is Wordsworth's *She was a Phantom of Delight*. Let me read it to you.

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

“She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment’s ornament;
Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time, and the cheerful dawn:
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet:
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine:
A being breathing thoughtful breath
A traveller between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.”

And my second quotation is from Robert Browning. It is the poet’s wonderful tribute to his dead wife, herself too a poet, in what he calls “the posy” to the Ring with which he would encircle her finger in the beautiful dedication of his greatest poem, *The Ring and the Book*.

“A ring without a posy and that ring mine?
O lyric love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—

SAINT GEORGE.

Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanced their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God Who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be: some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward
Their utmost up and on—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall.”

And now I have done. For you will hardly, the cruellest woman of you all, the scornfullest man, ask me to prophesy of the woman of the future. How could I do that? Where should I go for even the promise of the new ideal which the new century may yet perhaps give us. And yet—for I have a thought—is it possible that the new type may be after all only a reversion to an old ideal and a stranger land? A few weeks ago I spent a summer's afternoon in that noble college for women in one of our ancient universities, which all but realises Lord Tennyson's vision:

“A court,
Compact of lucid marbles, bossed with lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers,
The muses and the graces. . . .

THE IDEAL WOMAN OF THE POETS.

Two great statues,
Art and Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem."

I passed into the halls—my guide the Lady Psyche or another, assuredly not the Lady Blanche—into the walks and gardens, into the common room, the lecture theatre, the chemical laboratory, the bicycle shed—at last the library. And there the Lady Psyche brought me to her holiest shrine, a case of ancient books on science and mathematics. One strange title caught my eye. It was the *Brahmagupta of Bhaskara*, a translation from a Sanskrit poet, made in 1817 by Colebrooke, one of our earliest Eastern Scholars. I found it a rhythmical treatise on Arithmetic and Algebra. The chapter on Multinomial Expressions began with an invocation.

"Salutation to Ganessa! Resplendent as blue and spotless Lotus, and delighting in the tremulous motion of the dark serpent, which is perpetually twining within thy breast."

I turned in astonishment to the Chapter on the Highest Common Factor. It was in the form of a Catechism of the student by (I hardly fancy) the lady lecturer, cast in heroic metre.

"Beautiful and dear Lilāvâtī!" it began, "whose eyes are like a fawn's, whose gentle grace is that of the young elephant! tell me what are the numbers resulting from 135 taken into 12? If thou be skilled in multiplication by whole or parts, whether by subdivision of form or separation of digits, tell me, O thou auspicious woman, what is the quotient of the product divided by the same multiplier?"

Ladies and gentlemen, comrades and sisters of the Society of the Rose, you prefer with me do you not, the mysticism of Brown-ing's *Women and Roses*, to the mysticism of Bhaskara's girl graduates and poetic algebra?

I.

"I dream of a red rose tree
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me?"

SAINT GEORGE.

II.


“Round and round, like a dance of snow
In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone, on the poets pages.
Then follow women fresh and gay,
Living and loving and loved to-day,
Last in the rear, flee the multitude of maidens,
Beauties unborn. And all, to one cadence,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

* * * * *

Wings, lend wings for the cold, the clear
What is far conquers what is near.
Roses will bloom nor want beholders,
Sprung from the dust where our flesh moulders.
What shall arrive with the cycle's change?
A novel grace and a beauty strange?
I will make an Eve, by the artist that began her,
Shaped her to his mind!—Alas! in like manner
They circle their rose on my rose tree.”

THE STATE AS A PARENT.*

By Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

O an audience summoned by a Ruskin Society, I cannot do better than begin with some words of that great master: "You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable and to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also and that therefore it is written not: "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor" but "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor."

This, then, is our duty this evening, to "consider the poor"—and not only the poor generally, and in the abstract, but the children of the poor. Perhaps it is hardly possible to choose a more interesting and pregnant subject, and you will pardon me if I deal with it in some detail, for it is a matter on which people should not feel vaguely and think lightly, but about which they should know facts, and strive for the ideal.

There are in England and Wales 238,489 children dependant on the State, and of these nearly 60,000 are wholly supported, that is, fed, clothed, housed, knowing no other home than that supplied by the Nation's money and the Nation's thought.

For these the State is the sole parent and it fulfils its parental obligation in seven different ways. By rearing the children

1. In Barrack Schools.
2. In Village Communities.
3. In Scattered Groups.
4. In Certified Homes.
5. In Workman's Cottages.
6. In the Colonies.
7. In the Workhouses.

* Abstract of a lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, November 11th, 1897.

SAINT GEORGE.

Of *Barrack Schools* much has been said, and as the only woman member of the Departmental Committee whose duty it was to enquire into the systems under which metropolitan poor law children are reared, it will be better perhaps for me to confine my remarks on Barrack Schools to those used for London children. There are twenty-one of these, the largest being certified for over 1,500 children, the smallest for one hundred. In the twenty-one Schools over 13,000 are housed, and though the administration varies in each, the faults inherent in the system are found in all, and it was the *system* which was unanimously and unqualifyingly condemned by the Committee.

This condemnation has greatly angered many of the guardians and officials, and yet, to everyone who loves a little child, who understands its changeful nature, rich in faith, ready to love, quick to respond, restless in activity; it will be plain that a system which governs by rules, keeps order by discipline and trains by mechanism, must fail to develop what is best in human nature, and is, alas! so often dormant in the children of the pauper and the degraded.

In these Barrack Schools, every duty, however small or personal, must be done in the strictest order. Peeling potatoes, blacking boots, making beds, are in the workman's cottage or the small Charity home, means of education and actions containing some interest, but in vast institutions they must be performed by rule.

Mrs. Barnett then read an account, given by the Superintendent, of the method by which the Boys' personal washing is conducted in the Sutton Schools, which, unnatural as it was, was necessary to avoid the evils of ophthalmia, and yet the schools had been riddled by that disease, four hundred and sixty-two children having been affected in one epidemic, eleven children having lost an eye each in another. In Dr. Stephenson's recent enquiries he found within the London Barrack Schools 5·72 children had active trachoma, while only 0·46 are so troubled among children living at home.

Out of the 5·72 per cent. and in direct consequence of

trachoma Dr. Stephenson found four hundred and seventy-nine damaged eyes. The sight of seventy-one had not been affected, but in seventy-nine eyes the sight is reduced to one-third of the normal, in sixty-six to one-half, forty-eight eyes can only see one-third as well as they should, thirty-five one-fourth, thirty-seven one-sixth, and forty-nine one-tenth, and to this we must add that "in consequence of trachoma twenty-two eyes are blind, using that expression in a popular as opposed to a scientific sense," namely, they are unable to distinguish fingers or see light. "This is a formidable catalogue" writes the ophthalmic expert, "and it must be borne in mind that it is due to a malady that is preventible and ought to be prevented."

It sometimes seems to me that we should count it cause for gratitude when physical evils declare themselves in evidence of a mistaken policy, and for this reason, perhaps opthalmia should be welcomed as a warning of our error in rearing children in institutions, not homes; for the real evil of the system lies not so much in the opthalmia, the ringworm, the stunted growth and signs of malnutrition, which are so common in children brought up in large numbers, as in the mental and moral characteristics the system seems to produce. The children are often dull, sullen, mechanical, unfitted by experience to grapple with difficulties, without the memories which make friendships, and deficient in the resource which has been born of choice, conquest of difficulties and the pursuit of personal tastes. Love with its responsive effort, the keynote of all true moral training is perforce generally absent. The girls specially suffer often showing intense obstinacy and sullenness, and a want of interest in anything, extending even to carelessness as to their own fate or condition, while the moral contamination which frequently exists among these children must be by all deeply deplored. The absence of healthy interest leaves minds in which evil readily finds a home. At the same time the constant flow in and out of children with knowledge of sin gained in the lowest haunts of our large towns,

SAINT GEORGE.

offers the more permanent children an opportunity of excitement at once attractive and demoralising.

My knowledge of pauper girls is not gained by hearsay, for nineteen years I was manager appointed by the Local Government Board of one of the large Barrack Schools, and for fourteen years I had never less than three of these girls in our little cottage at Hampstead where, under the superintendence of my old nurse they tried their 'prentice hands at domestic work on my sister, Canon Barnett and myself. It was because I had seen the impossibility of the girls, learning domestic ways in institutions where the cooking was done by steam or gas, the washing by machinery, the mending in squads, that we began this little home, and as I learned to know and to deeply care for each of the one hundred and thirty-five, who 'one by one' passed into our lives; as I watched and guided them when they were launched on to the wider world, I realized with the force that comes only of experience, that a system which sends out girls of fourteen ignorant of the common affairs of life, without resource in difficulty, deficient in self-respect, often indifferent to their own characters and unconscious of the glorious privileges of loving and being loved, *must* be a wrong system.

Mrs. Barnett then said that her work on the Government Committee had greatly deepened this conviction, and she read a passage from the Departmental Report stating that the evils of wholesale legislation and training in the Barrack Schools are not such as can be there remedied, but are inherent in the system "where children must be treated as parts of a huge machine."

Village Communities.

These are institutions not of one block building but consisting of various smaller houses (mis-named cottages, as they generally contain 26 to 40 inmates) within an enclosure. The girls live in one part of the colony, the boys in another. Each house for girls is under the care of a Matron, those for the boys being governed by a married couple. The domestic work is done by

the Matrons, the girls helping under their supervision, and the boys aid in the workshop. The children go daily to a specially provided school and return to their various homes for food, work, play and all purposes of their non-scholastic life.

The advantages of the Village Community System are many and great.

1. The evils of aggregation are largely absent.
2. Health is better and physical development greater than in Barrack School life.
3. The domestic interests and the care and attention a competent house mother is able to give to the children's diet, clothing, and individual requirements, result in a more wholesome development of character and intelligence.

But the system has its limitations :

1. It does not provide a real home.
2. The inmates are separated from the general population. The village is an artificial community, and is, by the circumstances of the case, far removed from other dwellings. The result of such isolation is, that the children cannot see life under ordinary conditions or learn the lessons of every-day experience.
3. The inhabitants are too much of one age, and the sexes are entirely separate. These facts give a wholly exceptional character to the "village community," and minimise its use as an educational agency.
4. Valuable as is the influence of the "Cottage Mother" while the child is under her care, that influence ceases when it quits the school, for the cottage is not a home to which it may return in after life.
5. The children cannot make friends outside the community.
6. The seclusion of the officers tends to narrow their interests and weaken their energies.
7. To build a village for paupers, both emphasizes their pauperism and provides for it in too luxurious a manner.

Although I should be among the last to deprive a pauper child

of any environment which should encourage it to take a worthier stand in life, I cannot hide from myself the fact that it is inexpedient to make pauperism attractive, or to flout before the eyes of the struggling widow that the circumstances of the pauper child are more advantageous than those of her own bairn.

For this reason it would be well to scatter these children and to endeavour to arrange that their physical conditions should be approximate to those of the labouring, industrial population.

I may say in passing, that I was much struck with the management of the two village communities belonging to Birmingham, when I visited them two years ago, and one of my regrets is (that your pauper colonies *being built*) the initiative capacity and the executive ability exhibited in their making and management, is not at liberty to take still further steps on the road of progress, and show the world a yet more excellent way of rearing nobody's child. Surely among the cruelties of modern civilization is that which compels an individual or community to wear shoes their growth has made too small. I can imagine the progressive spirits of Birmingham regretting the £65,000 sunk in what their fathers thought the most excellent system, because economic conditions and social ideals have expanded, and practical Christianity has shown that the leper must be touched to be healed.

As child lovers *consider* the poor, it may be borne in upon them that there is yet another way of nurturing these orphans. It may be helpful to think not of them in hundreds and thousands but but picture our own treasured child with no parent but the State. A home, we shall all agree, is what we should wish to obtain for our own child, why should we not open our homes to one of these children?

In many places where the servants are trusted and the household is regular, it might be easily done. The child could go to the Board School, make its companions in its own class, and find food for its affections and interests in the welfare of the inmates of both parlour and kitchen.

In the few cases of which I know where single ladies and childless couples have taken these children into their households, the kitchen inmates have gained therefrom in interest, responsibility, and that nameless quality which follows on the knowledge that they too are helping to bear the sorrows of this difficult world, while the slight additional expense and small worries which attend every extra member of a household is abundantly repaid by the whiff of the atmosphere of joy which seems ever to accompany a little child.

The idea of finding place for a homeless child in somebody's home is no new one, but hitherto the effort has been confined to the homes of the poorer class of the working people.

I would suggest that people of gentle birth and cultivation should take these children, though, as I do so, I know that the suggestion will be considered Utopian, and I be classed among the impracticable people. But this I can stand, for harder terms than those were used when, twenty-two years ago, we told the Oxford graduate that it was his duty to use his brain to solve the problems of the poor, and his young strength in their service. The Settlement movement was the answer. So experience giveth hope, and "hope maketh me not ashamed," as I gently suggest to you "to home" in your homes some homeless child.

Boarding out.

The advantages of this system as it is now carried on when children are placed, with the payment of a small weekly sum, under the care of working class people, are so obvious that I feel almost apologetic for mentioning them, but briefly to sum up.

1. The child lives in a natural home.
2. Its standard of health is higher.
3. Individual character is considered.
4. The child makes friendships with the ladies who visit it, friendships which often continue long after it has ceased to be chargeable.

So much for the Child's side.

SAINT GEORGE.

On the Villagers' side :

5. The foster parent is often glad of the weekly payment and the child's company.

6. The boarded out child brings and keeps the villager in closer touch with persons of culture and refinement.

7. It enables the poor to be charitable.

8. Money is brought into the village shops and interest into the villagers' lives.

On the Ratepayers' side :

9. Boarding out is cheaper than the other methods of provision, each child when boarded out costing £13, against £29 5s. 9d. when in the Barrack Schools.

10. No buildings are required and therefore as child pauperism increases and decreases the capital charge remains the same.

On the other hand it is said that there are not enough persons of respectability who are willing and able to be foster parents to these children. To this it may be replied that Dr. Barnado and the Waifs and Strays Society find abundance of homes, and that in Scotland eighty-four per cent. of the State supported children are boarded out. In Switzerland seventy-two per cent., in Russia ninety-three per cent., while in Germany the system is compulsory. "I am loth to believe" continued the lecturer "that our English peasantry are less to be trusted than those of other nations."

The Scattered Homes.

Under this system, as initiated and worked by the Sheffield citizens, the children never enter the workhouse. On becoming paupers, they are received into an institution, specially built for that purpose, but beyond this no other building is erected. After a period of probation the children are sent to one of the Homes. These are ordinary dwelling houses hired yearly or on short leases in ordinary streets in industrial districts of the town. Each house contains fifteen children, boys up to ten years old, girls and infants being reared together.

THE STATE AS A PARENT.

The children are under the care of a House-mother who, with the assistance of two elder girls and occasional responsible help, does all the domestic labour required for the family of fifteen. The children attend the Board School, Local Church, Sunday School, Band of Hope, play in the parks or streets, and if ill, are attended by the Local Doctor.

The advantages of the Scattered Home System are :

1. The children live in a household which as nearly as possible approximates to a natural family.

2. They mix with the normal child population.

3. They see life as it is and learn to distinguish between right and wrong.

4. The presence of boys and girls and infants in the same house awakens wholesome affections and prevents the dangers which follow sex ignorance.

The disadvantages are :

1. The children in later life cannot return to the home.

2. The "Ins and Outs" are a source of both physical and moral danger.

These "Ins and Outs" are one of the most difficult problems in poor-law administration.

They may be divided into the two classes :

1. Those who come *in* because of some legitimate family accident or misfortune, and who go *out* when things are better and Hope appears on the Horizon.

2. Those who are the children of the vagrant, the drunken, the dissolute, who come *in* when vicious courses have emptied the family exchequer, and go *out* when their parents feel that the control of the able-bodied workhouse has become intolerable to their lawless natures.

Mrs. Barnett preceeded to speak of the sad increase in the latter class and quoted from a report of the master of the Marylebone Workhouse to the effect that one family of three children had been in and out of the workhouse sixty-two times in thirteen

SAINT GEORGE.

months, another couple with four children forty-three times in the same period. Another workhouse master reported that one woman, by always removing her child on the day previous to the one on which she would have been transferred to the schools (to return on the day following), had kept that child exposed to the contamination of workhouse association for over two years.

In consequence of these things, the State Children's Aid Association had drafted a Bill to gain, for those Boards of Guardians who would use it, greater power of control over those neglected children.

Alluding to the large number of children who pass in and out of the workhouses in consequence of trade disaster, or illness or misfortune of their parents, Mrs. Barnett pleaded for more careful consideration of each application for relief. This she said had been done with excellent result by the Whitechapel Union, where with a population of 74,000 there were only seventy-five children, other than those boarded out, trained on the ship, or in small certified homes, to be provided for.

Children in the Colonies.

Canada wants children. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., says: "A great many Canadian farmers have no children in their own homes; they marry early; the children grow up; they settle in life very early; they go away from home. You very often find a couple living alone and they are glad to have children for company. Generally speaking we have four times as many applications as we can supply. If we have sixty children we shall have two hundred or three hundred applications for them."

In recognition of this fact, the Boards of Guardians have been given large powers for the emigration of children. Yet very few pauper children are sent to the Colonies. Why? Expense is not the difficulty, a child can be emigrated for £11 19s. 4d., whereas the average cost in a London Barrack School is nearly £30 a year. The true reason—and no blame-worthy one—for the backwardness of the Guardians in the matter, is the bad

Government arrangement. In opposition to the methods of the Emigration Societies, the Local Government Board

1. Brands the children as paupers.
2. Makes no demand that they shall be educated.
3. Asks for no wages for them.
4. Requires only one report of a child after it leaves England.

So, though Canada wants our children and they need the broad acres and kindly hearts awaiting them there, yet without adequate inspection and without a Canadian Refuge, it were *not* wise to send our pauper children in large numbers to the Colonies. But these conditions can be changed, and the State Children's Aid Association works and hopes to get them changed. *Children in the Workhouses.*

In London, alone, there are 3,000 of these, 2,000 being over school age.


Mixing as a rule with the adult paupers and from them often absorbing low ideals and unseemly habits, these children live for months together without lessons, playthings or interests, rarely going beyond the gates, without employment and deprived of joy.

This state of things is on all sides condemned, even by the Guardians themselves, and if you ask me why it continues to exist I reply, because the public has not yet cared and because most of us—who deeply, passionately, love our own children—are not yet worthy to claim the blessing offered to him who “*considereth*” the children of the poor.

It is always easier to remember principles than facts. So in conclusion I would lay down a simple principle, which is that *a home is the best place for a child*, and systems are good or bad, not according to their administration, but in proportion as they approximate to the ideal of a home. And of a true home, we shall all agree, the keynote must be love, the result—strong individualities modified by a sense of duty.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.*

By the Rev. R. C. Fillingham (Rector of Hexton).

OUR first ideas of the universe are generally distorted ones. So it was in the infancy of the race, so it is in the infancy of the individual. When primitive man looked out first upon the world, he spiritualized it indeed, but in a crude and materialistic way. He peopled it with the weird beings of his own nascent imagination. In the roar of the tempest and the howl of the wind he heard the voice of an angry God: when he came to the stream, he feared to cross it, lest he should violate the will of a diety who had put it there to divide land from land: when he saw the eclipse, he believed that a diety in wrath was withdrawing light from the world, and when the sun sank at night, he feared that it might not rise on the morrow: and as the darkness came on, he crawled trembling in his cave in the forest, and pictured the stealthy tread, the awful presence of spiritual beings in the pathless woods. This was a conception of the universe wiser and fuller than that of the materialist, erroneous and simple though it was: it was the childhood of the race getting a dim inkling of the truths we were to learn in later years: even as Wordsworth pictures the child now coming into the world with a spiritual perception which is afterwards blunted in the case of most men:—

“Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven is about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy:

* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, November 24th, 1897.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At last the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

So the intimations of the spirituality of the universe lingered all about the early world. The mythology of the Greeks and Romans was a spiritualizing of natural objects and influences. Every grove and every fountain had its nymph: every river was a God: the sun was a spiritual being, and when Medea had sacrificed her children in her wrath, he sent down his chariot to rescue her from the clutches of her enemies. There were the Gods of the Groves, the Gods of the Rivers, the Gods of the Seas: all the universe was alive with spiritual beings. Such a conception certainly promoted the feeling of reverence and awe for external beauty, and is a premonition of the truth to be revealed to later generations: still, it is a materialistic view, as it assigns a definite concrete being to every manifestation of Nature. The Hebrew view of the world is dissimilar, but is still further from the truth. The Jew did not see God *in* Nature: he regarded the form of the universe as so many material instruments in the hands of God, to teach, to punish, or to bless. He "bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow:" He "giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes:" "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars, yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." In all this, God is not regarded as immanent in Nature, but as apart from Nature, yet even in this crude conception, there *is* a premonition of the truth, inasmuch as the Jew believed that Nature teaches. St. Paul regarded Nature as a revelation of God in this sense: "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen," he says, "being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and glory." You see at once the truth and error of this conception, which was that alike of the Jews and the Christian Church: certainly, Nature has a teaching voice,

SAINT GEORGE.

but Nature is mechanical, and the things we see are "the things that are made."

As the world got further away from its infancy, as the morning of romance died away, and the hot noon of strenuous endeavour came on, the thought of man tended more and more in a material direction. The theologians were largely responsible for this. The Church had always gone upon assumptions, and asked men to receive transcendental statements without proof, and upon her own authority. The reformation did not remedy this confusion of thought: it substituted merely one set of assumptions for another, and instead of claiming blind submission from the infallible Church, it claimed it for the infallible Book. As Rome burned Cranmer for denying the doctrines of the Church, so Geneva burned Servetus for doctrines which it affirmed to be inherent in the Bible. And when the ruder weapons of a ruder age were taken from the hands of the theologians, the process of intolerance still went on in mitigated forms: and we know how almost within the memory of the present generation, certain lewd fellows of the baser sort among the theologians deprived the Regius Professor of Greek, at Oxford, of his salary because he could not utter their shibboleths. All this insistence on the unprovable—for after all, the only true definition of a dogma is "a proposition which can neither be proved nor disproved"—drove thoughtful men into the opposite direction: they would have nothing but what could be proved: and for a while materialism became the dominant school of thought. It was the reaction against an illogical transcendentalism. The discoveries of science gave an impetus to the movement, and it came to be taken for granted among the majority of thinkers that we are part and parcel of a mechanical universe: that in the course of the ages, of infinite aeons, matter, in its ever-changing transformations, produced, at last, life, intelligence, feeling, emotion. Modern science still holds tenaciously to this view. Our system, it is held, was once a floating mass of fiery vapour; when the heat declined, the atoms rushed together and formed the sun: the

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

sun, as it rotated, threw off particles which became new worlds : in the process of millions of years, as the cooling process went on, the sea overspread the earth : the volcanic islands were thrown up, and in due time land and water began to take each its place. But still, in awful solitude, a lifeless world rushed on, in infinite procession, through the vastness of a trackless sky. The eternal series of the ages went on : then in the water, embryonic forms of animals were found, cells developed, and limbs from the cells ; and so, in due time, by change after change (the law of change always acting in the direction of complexity) came man. Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Christ, all that they have done, all that they have thought, all that they have taught, come by a mechanical process from primal matter. Such, in the briefest outline, is the materialistic hypothesis : man and the universe are alike material.

A similar view of the world, though not stated in the same dogmatic language, is taken by the superficial observer. He, too, regards the external world as consisting of dead matter, though he regards himself probably, if he ever thinks of ultimate problems at all, as a kind of *lusus naturæ* : not part of Nature, but unconnected with Nature. He would take the view of the mighty Philistine of the 18th century, Dr. Johnson, who, when confronted with the Berkeleyan hypothesis, thought he refuted it by striking mightily a stone with his foot. So, if to the immeasurably lesser Philistine of the 19th century you suggested a doubt of the separate and material existence of what we call *things*, he would strike a table, or ask you triumphantly if the existence of trees and skies is not proved by the fact that we see them. (And even that so-called "fact," we may remark in passing, is not a fact at all : we do *not* "see" trees and skies, but only a small photograph reflected on the retina). To him the world was made for man, as a carpenter makes a table or chair. And therefore it is that he is devoid of the sense of mystery, that sense which is one of the highest delights of life : he holds a cut-and-dried theory which completely

SAINT GEORGE.

satisfies him, and he passes through the world unobservant and unmoved. Wordsworth, who knew so well the recesses of the human heart, has, in *Peter Bell*, described for ever such an individual :

“A primrose by the river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

Now, a few moments’ examination will show us that whatever view is tenable, the materialistic view of the universe is absolutely unthinkable, absolutely unreasonable, whether from the theoretic point of view, or whether from the point of view of pure scepticism.

Take one initial difficulty, from the first point of view—the existence of space. If matter was created in space, space existed before matter : but how did space come into existence ? You cannot reply that space was created, for space is not an entity : to assert it, is to say that at one time space was non-existent : but this, though it may be said, is really absolutely unthinkable : for space, like time, is an essential condition of thought. To state, then, that space was created at any time is to state an absolute contradiction, to say you can think the unthinkable : yet to say that space is self-existent is to deny the idea of a Creator at all.

And further, to affirm the absolute existence of matter as independent of Spirit, is to be involved in an insuperable contradiction as regards the nature of the Great First Cause. We are bound to think of the First Cause as absolute, or independent, for were the first cause dependent on any other Form of Being, he would cease to be the First Cause. But a cause exists only in relation to an effect : here we have, as Mansel pointed out, the idea of relation brought into our conception, and that idea is, of course, inconsistent with the idea of the absolute. And further, if this first cause existed once without displaying creative energy, and then created, He became what He once was not—*i.e.*, causation was to Him a possible mode of existence. He passed certain limits and

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

became a Cause, which he was not before—therefore, He once was not infinite. I am aware that this does not prove anything positively: but it shows that the idea of material existences apart from Spirit involves a contradiction and absurdity.

But, further, setting aside for the moment the idea of a First Cause, from the purely agnostic point of view, we shall find that the assertion of the independent existence of matter involves us in equal absurdity. This is shown in the clearest manner by Schopenhauer in the first book of his great work, *The World as Will and Idea*. He traces the steps by which the materialist assumes the ultimate evolution of knowledge from primary matter, and then says: "If we had followed materialism thus far with clear ideas, when we reached its highest point, we would suddenly be seized with a fit of the inextinguishable laughter of the Olympians. As if waking from a dream, we would all at once become aware that its final result, knowledge, which it reached so laboriously, was presupposed as the indispensable condition of its very starting point, mere matter: and when we imagined that we thought matter, we really thought only the subject that perceives matter: the eye that sees it, the hand that feels it, the understanding that knows it . . . The fundamental absurdity of materialism is that it starts from the objective . . . whereas in truth the objective is already determined as such in manifold ways by the knowing subject through its forms of knowing, and presupposes them: and consequently it entirely disappears if we think the subject away."

Now, this puts before us a point of view which no reasonable man can deny, on reflection, whatever his preconceptions may be. He may be far from being an Idealist in philosophy, but this much he is certainly bound to admit—that Subject and Object are relative terms, and to talk of the one as existent apart from the other is to utter mere contradictions. The material object cannot have any being apart from the thinking subject: yet, it is also true, as we shall know further on, that the subject cannot be without

SAINT GEORGE.

the shadow of itself, the object. Wherefore, when the materialist talks of the evolution of life and intelligence from dead matter, and supposes matter to be a distinct existence by itself, we reply to him: "Your assertion is a mere contradiction in terms. To speak of sun and moon and earth as existent before the Ego perceived them is to attempt to sever two terms indissolubly connected in thought: the object *could* not exist apart from the subject, or else language is devoid of meaning."

Let us state the proposition in still plainer language. If you claim for matter an independent existence, either before, or apart from, the existence of Spirit, you are putting it outside the mental category. What does this imply? Surely this—you are asserting that you can conceive of matter as existing apart from consciousness: that is, *you can think of it as existing unthought*. Was there ever a more flagrant contradiction? It is as good as saying that a sound can exist unheard. People actually say sometimes, when this truth is first brought before them, "would not this sun and sky still be in existence if I were not there to see them? Have they not, therefore, an existence independent of *me*?" We reply: "They would, indeed, exist, this sun and sky of which you speak, if *any* other thinking mind perceived them—but if not? To say you can think of them as existing apart from *any* mind is simply to say that you can conceive of their existing unconceived. You are then, talking of the impossible: you *cannot*, do what you will, think of a thing as existing outside consciousness, simply because you cannot *get* outside consciousness: any more than you can escape from your shadow. Wherefore, to exist only means to be perceived, and then, by another train of reasoning, we see that the materialistic and mechanical conception of the universe is a mere contradiction and absurdity."

Now, no thinking man will seriously dispute the reasoning you have so far followed. And yet, I know, it will have produced a kind of unsatisfactory impression on your minds: you will have a latent feeling: "This is all very well, but after all we feel, in

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

our inmost hearts, that the world is not a chimera, is not a dream. There is a reality about it. The glories we have seen, the glories that have filled our souls with ecstasies: the gradual coming of the dawn upon the waters, the tremulous anticipations of the advancing day: the solemn procession of the sun across the sky: the red on the sea and the red on the mountains, when, defeated in his day-long contest with the night, he left the crimson marks of his death-wounds before he died: the wonderful change of the seasons—the deadness of winter, the soft breath of spring, the flowering heyday of summer, the wan, mellow light of autumn, when the hectic flush of the year's consumption was marked in strange colours in copse and coppice: these things which have fed our spirits, have exalted us, have given us glimpses of eternity—these things are *not* unreal: they are no delusion, no pathetic fallacy: they exist, as truly as we do."

Yes, you are right: this spectacle of natural beauty, O, it is not unreal. It is true as righteousness, true as duty, true as God. I would as soon question its reality as I would question my own existence, my own aspiration after infinite things. All I say is, it is not mechanical, it is not mere matter: all the beauty we see around us is *real because it is spiritual*.

For there is a reconciliation of all apparent contradictions. We have insisted that the Object has no reality apart from the Subject: but it is equally true that the Subject must have its co-relative Object, or it could not exist. But this Object cannot be something entirely apart from the nature of the Subject, or else there would be a quite irreconcilable opposition: we should have two orders of phenomena, for the union of which there would be no common term. We need scarcely stop to discuss the objection, that it would be as easy to describe the spiritual in terms of the material as to describe the material in terms of the spiritual, as we have already seen that an independent material existence is inconceivable, and moreover, as the one thing given us in consciousness is that we are spiritual beings. We are compelled,

SAINT GEORGE.

therefore, to recognise the Object to condition the Subject, but we are equally compelled to read the spiritual nature of the Subject into the Object.

And this brings us to our point: that the spirituality of the universe is no enthusiastic or ungrounded assumption, but is demanded from the strictly philosophical point of view. In all that follows, we shall not be merely giving expression to the dictates of a poetic sentimentality: we shall have, let us remember, as the basis of our feelings and belief, a serious philosophic argument to rely on. The spirituality of the universe is, indeed, an intuition and a revelation: but it is also a fact founded on the irrationality of any theory which contradicts it.

Ultimate truths are often revealed in the first place to poets, before they find general acceptance. The poet is pre-eminently the *seer*—the man who has keener vision than others, who perceives intuitively things which have not yet been revealed to humanity. He is the *seer*, too, because he penetrates to the heart and experience of humanity, and puts into language the thought or feeling which hung tremulously on the ordinary man's life, but which he could not himself express. That is why so many lines of poetry become current coin: we recognise in them the universal note. It is by this striking of the universal note that a poet attains the first or at least the second rank. Thus, though Swinburne has written much that is magnificent and entrancing: though there are probably no finer lyrics in the English language than the choruses in *Atalanta*: though every enchantment of art and skill is to be found in such lines as these:

“When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months, in meadow and plain,
Fills the shadows and empty places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.”

yet because the great bulk of his work is “sound and fury, signifying nothing,” e.g., has no deep thought and no universal note behind it, it will not rank so high nor hold so permanent and

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

deep a place in our affections as the sad and gentle Recluse of Olney and Weston, who voices our feelings in such delicate and simple lines as these :

“ There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.”

Now, Wordsworth was pre-eminently the *seer*, in the highest sense of the word. Falling upon late and prosaic days, falling upon a material age, he voiced those subtle instincts of early man to which I referred at the outset of my remarks, and he brought to this worn and tired generation the old sense of the mystery of things, and made it feel that the world is not dead but alive. The *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, containing some of the most stately verse in our language, contains also the whole philosophy of the spirituality of Nature.

“ I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth : but hearing oftentimes,
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

My friends, this “ Presence,” this is what we have felt, if we have a soul that is reverent for Nature. We have felt it, as we stood at night, and watched the track of silver moonlight across the

SAINT GEORGE.

bosom of the sea : we have felt it as we watched the vast conflagration of the western sky : we have felt it as we took our way through the wildwood, and courted the moss and fern in its inmost recess : nay, it has come upon us in the heart of cities, as suddenly, in the dingiest place, perhaps trailing on the wall of some grim factory where men labour for not *their* bread, we have seen the red creeper on the wall, blushing shyly at autumn's steadfast gaze—in such seasons we have realised this Presence, and we have felt that all natural beauty is the garment of God. God, in the highest sense of the word : God, not, if you object to define Him, necessarily personal : but God the first source of all things, God is the soul of the universe.

The universe is alive. Dead things have no voice : dead things could not speak to us as all the sights of Nature have spoken to the great poets, and spoken in our manner, to us. How that Presence spoke to Wordsworth when he went nutting in the woods as a boy !

“ Up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage : and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being : and unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turned away
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—
Then, dearest maiden ! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart : with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.”

In the enjoyment of this exalted thought, this exultant mood, the poet almost seems to attribute an actual personality to the things we see round about us. He comes upon the golden daffodils, dancing by the lake-side in the bright March weather, and *then* joy enters into his being :

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

“A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.”

yes, and the influence is with him in later and quieter seasons :

“For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.”

he looks on the flowers and declares

“’Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.”

and he stands on the French shore, and watches the ocean, and knows that it lives :

“Listen ! the mighty *Being* is awake,
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly.”

You may say that this attributing of a kind of personality to flowers and seas is an exaggerated imagination, is a pathetic fallacy : but it is no pathetic fallacy to say that Nature is alive. It is no delusion to say that a spirit animates it : it must be so. If you took the separate chemical ingredients that make up the brain of man, you would find no life and no thought in each one of them separately : yet when they are blended and become an organism, they produce the eloquence of a Gladstone, the philosophy of a Spencer, the insight of a Wordsworth. And so if you took separately the drops of the ocean, you would not see much life, you would not see much to admire : but when they are all blended together you have the great ocean, with its movement, its laughter, its wrath : you know, you cannot doubt, but this blending has formed something entirely different in kind from each separate drop : that it is an organism : that it lives, and moves, and has its being. And so realising, as we do now, that nature is an organic

SAINT GEORGE.

whole: that man is not something apart from Nature, but is simply *part* of her, we are only strictly rational if we infer that the macrocosm is like the microcosm: that Nature, like man, has a soul as well as a body.

Is there any practical value in these considerations, or is the discussion academic? I believe the thought of the spirituality of the universe is helpful in several ways. Surely it gives us a natural hope—I do not say a natural assurance, but a natural hope of immortality. If this universe is in its essence spiritual, then we partake, it may be, of the eternal life of the spirit which is behind all phenomena. One view which has been suggested is, that the fact of memory is a parallel to immortality: that just as thoughts, just as the past, lingers in our mind, and still exists when it has externally ceased to be, so we may continue to exist in the same way in the mind—if we may so term it—of the infinite Spirit. At all events there is more hope in this view than in the exploded conception of a universe of dead matter: if that were so, if life came merely from inorganic form by a mechanical process, the future would indeed be dark and dreary: we should be as the beasts that perish: we might murmur at having to live out, for no purpose, our few and evil days, and say:

“For the dead man no home is:

Ah, better to be

What the flower of the foam is

On fields of the sea:

That the sea-wind might be as my raiment, the gulf-stream a garment for me.”

But now, apart from any system of theology, with which we are not at present concerned, there is a natural, rational hope and expectation that man is an immortal being.

A further consideration is, that the conception of the spirituality of the universe will put the mind into a frame of receptivity. We shall say: “Nature is alive: Nature speaks to me: I must go out to listen and learn.” We shall scarcely be content, if it be our custom to take an annual holiday, to go to some crowded

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

resort, where there are bands, and minstrels, and concerts, and a fashionable throng all day through. Nay, for there human discord will be so loud that the still small voice of Nature will not be able to make itself heard. No, in this mood, we shall seek, probably, the unfrequented village, where there is little sound but the wail of the sea-bird and the eternal murmur of the waves; or some woodland region where the birds are still undisturbed in their merry concert: and then

“One impulse from a vernal wood
My teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can,”

we shall pass not idle, but helpful moments, in the mere contemplation of some beautiful scene, waiting for the supernatural voice to sound: for

“Think you, ’mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?”

If I may cite here, without impertinence, my own experience, I would say that I have gathered much spiritual joy from such quiet contemplation of Nature. I have stood, quite within reach of the great city, within two hours of London, I have stood, not indeed where frowning mountains lift their solemn heads, but at the limit of the fair level lands of Essex, at the edge of the almost motionless sea which washes that mysterious shore. There is no such sea, I believe, in the whole world as this: it is never insistent, never vulgar, never clamorous, but it bears landwards all the mysteries of the ages: it speaks, in quiet whisper, of that “sorrow on the sea” which entered into the Hebrew prophet’s soul. The blustering seas that assault our Northern shores, the tideless sea that smiles listlessly at the vice and dissipation of the Mediterranean coast, are *banal*, commonplace, vulgar, compared with that weird and mystic ocean. On the wide coast of Britain there is nothing

SAINT GEORGE.

to compare with its strangeness, its mystery, its beauty. Well, I have stood there, wearied with work, oppressed with cares, needing strength for future labour: and as I stood on the confines of those wonderful waters, conscious of no distinct message, no certain voice, I have renewed my moral being, I have come away a regenerate man, with a newer and better birth than any that priests imagine to be conferred at the font by the baptismal wave.

Such blessings may come to all of us, if we will seek them where they may be found: if we will seek them, not where there are crowds, tourists, coaches, big hotels, but where Nature unfolds her sweets in peace to the quiet heart. What lesson she will impress on you I cannot say: one day, when you see the great red-rose-berries lingering in autumn, she may remind you of how the influence of a good life lives on after death: or as you move among the leafy lanes, shut in by tall hedges, in summer, she may speak to you of the need of restraint, of limitation of desire: or the falling snow may speak to you of purity, or the golden autumn's cornfields may tell you how our lives must bear fruit and feed the lives of other men. We do not know what Nature will say, but we know that if we have receptive hearts, she will speak.

To recognise the spiritual nature of the universe is, again, important, because he who does so will be in the truest sense a religious man. To be religious in that true, high sense, does not mean to be a partisan in ecclesiastical controversies, does not mean to be a stickler for form and ceremonies, does not mean to be a believer in sacramental grace: nor does it necessarily mean to have undergone a particular mental process, to have been converted, to be certain of one's own salvation. To be religious means to have the sense of awe, of reverence, of mystery; to have the law of duty written upon the heart.

The lover of Nature has pre-eminently this sense. He takes his way amid the sights and sounds of the country with a heart beating with reverent joy, and a soul filled with the instinct of wor-

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

ship: he is ever questioning the meaning of things: as he gazes on the bewildering spectacle of the myriad stars at midnight, he asks with Shelley

“Where are we, and what are we? of what scene
The actor and spectator?”

and though no cut and dried solution of ultimate mysteries comes to him, this he finds, that he must do his duty, that he must pass his brief span of life in ministering to others, and must leave the future in the hands of God. This is an essentially religious man.

And this readiness to learn, this sense of reverence, are in such a one called into play, not only in regard to purely natural things, but also in regard to the fashioned and wrought out works of man. Here, with Ruskin, we gather lessons concerning truth, beauty, power, sacrifice, obedience, from painting and sculpture; for Art is Nature modelled by man. The Divine Spirit which permeates the universe and is behind all things, pulsed in the veins of the stones when they lay unhewn in the quarry, but it has not ceased to pulse in the veins of the stones now that they are modelled and fashioned and have taken their place in the great cathedral and stately palace. The stone still lives, still is part of God, and therefore still teaches. And so no reverence for a stately building is out of place or idolatrous. Perhaps I may not bow down to graven images to worship them: but if in the dim light of chancel windows, amid the loftiness of fretted columns, I bend in adoration before the image of the thorn-crowned Redeemer, or the tender majesty of the Mother of God, I am attributing no special sacredness to these things in themselves. I reverence in them the skill of man; I reverence in them part of the life of God, and I venerate them as I venerate the beauty of the whitethorn bush, or the beauty of the wild apple in the wood.

There is yet one final consideration which arises from the thought of the spirituality of the universe, and it is this: if God is everywhere, you need not seek to find Him in any particular

SAINT GEORGE.

Church or Sect. And so before the vastness of this lofty thought, ecclesiastical controversy sinks into nothingness. What concern of mine is it whether the Church of Rome or the Church of England or the Nonconformist Churches be right or wrong? It is a matter which shall not for a single moment trouble me. I will not spend anxious years in debating in what Church I can find God: I have but to go into the fields to-morrow, I have but to wander among the lanes, and I shall find God there. "Heretic," "idolator," "schismatic," then, are words which may well be allowed to drop out of our vocabulary. No one is heretic or schismatic who is seeking after God in the way of righteousness. He alone is guilty of the sin of schism whose heart does not beat in unison with the spirit of the universe.

Cultivate, then, the love of Nature, it will give you the purest joys, and it will lead you to the only discoverable truth. Let who will wrangle over sects and churches, dogmas and creeds: let who will fancy that God is a tribal God whom some man-created denomination can contain: we will escape from the close atmosphere of controversy, and breathe the pure air of heaven: we will find God in all natural beauty, for the universe is the body of God.

REVIEWS.

William Morris: His Art, His Writings, and His Public Life.
By Aymer Vallance, M.A., F.S.A. London, 1897. George Bell
and Sons.

WHEN William Morris passed away, the world lost a master craftsman, a true poet and romancer, and an enlightened social reformer. In the handsome volume under notice, Mr. Vallance treats of his work in these several capacities, in an able, sympathetic, and, for the most part, a comprehensive manner. The title which the author has given to his work is important, indicating, as it does,



Kelmscott Manor. From the Meadow at the back.

both its scope and its limitations. This is not a record of William

SAINT GEORGE.

Morris's life. Such a work, as we learn from the preface, Mr. Vallance was neither asked nor authorized to write, and he submits that, with a few trifling exceptions, he has not introduced into the book any details of Mr. Morris's life which were not already com-



Kelmscott Manor. Entrance Front.

mon property. Mr. Morris was himself approached on the subject of the proposed book, and whilst being unwilling for it to be written during his lifetime, he gave Mr. Vallance his sanction for the production of the work after his death, insisting that, if it came out at all, it must be illustrated, and giving him a general permission to reproduce a selection from the property of the firm of Morris & Co., providing he obtained the consent of his partners; a consent which, needless to add, was freely given. The result of this permission is that the volume is enriched by a large number of very beautiful illustrations, which are produced in a most perfect manner, and are beyond all praise. The book, in short, is produced in a manner worthy of its subject, and we can pay it no higher tribute.

William Morris was born in Walthamstow in 1834, and we are early reminded of the limitations of Mr. Vallance's work, for beyond the mere chronicle of his birth, not a word is given us respecting his parentage. His wife, too, is mentioned, we believe, only once, when in Chapter IV. his marriage with her is recorded. But if, on such subjects as these, we are denied all information, Mr. Vallance makes atonement by the way in which he deals with Morris's public life and work. Thus we have the fullest account of the origin and development of the firm of Morris & Co. The original members of the firm besides Morris were Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones and Arthur Hughes, painters; Philip Webb, architect; Peter Paul Marshall, district surveyor and engineer, and Charles Joseph Faulkner, an Oxford don. The chief features of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, of which the establishment of this firm was one result, are well known. The men who had banded themselves together in this manner were endowed with a conviction as to the honour of labour and the glory of true work. The business was to embody its promoters' artistic principles. They set themselves the herculean task of delivering the arts of this country from the thralldom of the ugly. A herculean task it was indeed. Mr. Vallance

upon horsehair sofas; the wax flowers under glass shades; the monstrosities in stamped brass and gilded stucco; chairs, tables and other furniture hideous with veneer and curly distortions." Of course, in common with all pioneers of reform, Morris and his fellow-workers were regarded as dreamers or madmen, but they kept to their task in spite of all discouragements and difficulties, and were ultimately rewarded by a success as remarkable as it was complete. The business commenced in a very small way. Ornamented furniture and stained glass windows were its only productions at first, the cartoons for the latter being furnished by Burne-Jones. As the business prospered many developments took place. Decorative tiles, wall-papers, tapestry, chintz, carpets, were all added to the productions of the firm, which gradually attained to a position of influence unique in the history of our country. The Works are now situated at Merton Abbey, on the Wandle, and we are glad to learn that Mr. Morris took measures some years before he died to establish the firm on a secure and independent footing, so that its work might be carried on without break or hindrance in the event of his decease.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the many other departments of Morris's work. It is impossible for the reader of this record to be other than deeply impressed by the magnitude of his labours. His activity and resources seemed inexhaustible, and no obstacles seemed able to daunt his indomitable spirit. This we especially realize in tracing the history of his connection with the Socialistic movement, and however much one might dissent from his faith it is impossible not to reverence the nobility of the character, which, in obedience to conscience, was prepared to endure all things.

The poems and romances of Morris are dealt with in a very full manner, and subjected to careful analysis. Additional interest is also given by the reproduction of many of the criticisms which have from time to time appeared on his poems and other works, and more than one famous literary controversy is unearthed. As


SAINT GEORGE.

a poet Mr. Vallance ascribes a very high rank to Morris, and there are few, we think, to-day who will quarrel with his award.

Mr. Vallance is guilty of one remark, which we greatly regret. Throughout his book he continually has occasion to refer to the inspiration Morris derived from Ruskin, and to the influence he had upon his work. Morris acknowledged him as his master and has recorded his indebtedness to him. It is therefore with considerable surprise that we find Mr. Vallance in Chapter XII. describing Ruskin as a querulous reactionary, than which nothing could be further from the truth, and in the later editions which will doubtless be called for Mr. Vallance will be well advised in eliminating so offensive a remark.

By the kindness of Messrs. Bell we are enabled to reproduce from the work three illustrations of Kelmscott Manor.

The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Founded on Letters and Papers Furnished by his Friends and Fellow-Academicians, by Walter Thornbury. A new edition. London, Chatto & Windus, 1897.

ESSRS. Chatto & Windus are well advised in issuing a new edition, at a popular price, of Mr. Thornbury's Life of Turner. Although Mr. Ruskin's works have made many familiar with the transcendent genius of Turner, the story of his life is known to a comparatively limited number, and Mr. Thornbury's book ought to receive a warm welcome. Such a welcome it indeed deserves, for Mr. Thornbury's able work merits nothing but praise. When the desire to write Turner's life first entered his mind he resolved to take no steps until he had consulted Mr. Ruskin and ascertained whether he himself had any intention of writing the great painter's life. Mr. Ruskin had not, and gave Mr. Thornbury

every encouragement to do so, mentioning what he considered the main characteristics of Turner which should be borne in mind, and urging him not to mask the dark side of his character. Mr. Thornbury has wisely taken this advice and has given the story of Turner's life without any concealment. It is in many respects a sad story. It will be a painful surprise to many to learn that the great painter, whose genius they worshipped, had a most unlovely side to his character, and lived the life of a "soured miser and suspicious recluse." Yet the life of this man is one which should receive and which will repay the most careful attention.

Mr. Thornbury's book contains eight coloured illustrations after Turner's originals, and two woodcuts, and although the reproduction of the former leaves something to be desired, they give an additional interest to the book.

We have received from Messrs. Methuen & Co. a copy of *The Life and Work of John Ruskin*, by W. G. Collingwood, M.A., and also *The Work of John Ruskin*, by Charles Waldstein. Both of these works have now been published for a considerable time, and it would be superfluous on our part to commend them to the thoughtful attention of all students of Ruskin. We hope it will not be long before Mr. Collingwood's scholarly biography of Ruskin is issued in a popular form. It is a most fascinating work, and all the more valuable because its author, by reason of his long connection with Mr. Ruskin, is his most competent biographer. In Professor Waldstein's book we have an independent criticism of Ruskin's teaching, and we hope, later, to deal with some of the points raised.

NOTES.

The photogravure reproduction of Professor Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Ruskin appears as the frontispiece to this number by the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen & Co., of London, for whose kindness we are greatly indebted. Though we are not yet able to make any definite announcement, we trust that this is only the first of many such illustrations.

Mrs. S. A. Barnett (of Toynbee Hall) whose lecture before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, on November 24th last, appears in this number, has addressed the following letter to the honorary secretary of the Society.

Warden's Lodge, Toynbee Hall,
Whitechapel, E.

Nov. 17th, 1897.

Dear Mr. Whitehouse,

Will you allow me to remind those who so courteously listened to me last Wednesday, when I spoke of Poor Law children, that we are hoping to receive the names of many as members of the State Children's Aid Association, as I feel convinced that it is only by shewing the Government that there are many who are making demands for reforms in the life of these children, that we shall be enabled to get anything done for them.

The membership involves no pecuniary responsibility, though, of course, the Association would be glad to have donations as a sign of the appreciation and interest of the public. All that we ask the members is, that they should do what they can to spread our views, and to direct the public attention to, and awaken the public conscience in, the welfare of this large and unfortunate class.

The address of the State Children's Aid Association office is 61, Old Broad Street, E.C., and letters can be addressed either to me, or to the honorary secretary, Mrs. Rye.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. O. BARNETT.

We very earnestly commend this letter to the attention of our readers, and trust that Mrs. Barnett will have a wide response to her request.

The attention of members of the Ruskin Society is directed to the fact that Dean Farrar's lecture on March 9th next will be delivered in the Town Hall, the use of which has been kindly granted by the Lord Mayor. Members are also asked to note that Mr. James G. Borland, the President of the Glasgow Ruskin Society, will lecture on January 26th next. Mr. Borland was prevented by illness from lecturing on December 8th, as arranged, and his place was taken by Mr. Montague Fordham. Our readers will find a list of the lectures which have still to be delivered this Session in another portion of this number, and we would direct the special attention of non-members of the Society to that list.

The following extract from a recent letter received from Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M.A., will be of general interest:

"I am glad to say that Mr. Ruskin's health is much as it has been during these later years. He still takes his daily walks, sees his personal friends, and spends much time in reading. But it does not seem to be understood by the public that this comparative health depends upon his being kept from all unnecessary work. He directs his own business, but is obliged to decline correspondence, and cannot reply to the many letters which still come asking for his intervention in public matters, or for private advice and assistance."

SAINT GEORGE.


The Journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham.

(The Society of the Rose.)

No. 2. Vol. I.

April, 1898.

TOLSTOY'S "WHAT IS ART?"

FROM what standpoint? Every man has a standpoint from which he must necessarily judge and value the various activities and concerns which employ his life and the lives of others in his society. That standpoint is his conception of life, his belief as to the nature and possibilities of human existence; that belief, upon which, whether it be clear or confused, strong or weak, stable or shifting, a man inevitably and with the faithfulness of matter to gravitation, acts. Jesus has his standpoint, his conception of life; so has the most dissolute wreck who hangs about a London street-corner.

Therefore, all serious discussion of human affairs is necessarily of two kinds, namely: (*a*) Discussion of Principle, the question being: What is the nature of life? and (*b*) Discussion of Detail, the question being, What is the nature and worth of this or that particular activity or concern in life? That is to say, we have first to settle our standpoint, then, from our standpoint, to judge and value all things. Obviously, a man's state of mind upon the first question will wholly determine the views he may hold upon any form of the second question. For instance, if I in my heart believe life to consist in reason, truth, kindness, purity, spirituality, I shall answer such questions as, How should Society be organised? or, What is Art? in a certain way. But if I feel life to be without clear reason, something out of which, whether by truth or untruth, kindness or unkindness, I must get what will please my appetites and senses, then I shall answer the questions quite otherwise.

This fact, so clearly necessary to be realised in any serious discussion of life and its affairs, is not only dropped out of sight almost universally, but is actually largely denied. It is asserted that a man may have a sound opinion upon Economics, or Politics, or Art, or Industry, whatever his conviction, or want of conviction, as to the nature, duties, and possibilities of life itself. Which is as much as to assert that a man may have a true mastery of any problem in geometry, whatever his idea—any or none—as to the nature of line, point, surface and solid. Out of such a notion, whole schools of writers, painters, and theatre-artists are saying to us, "Our art is non-moral, non-religious ; we do not discuss life, we only practise Art."

The most glaring and painful evidence of this state of things is perhaps in that activity which is currently called "criticism," but is precisely nothing of the kind. From first page to last of our journals and magazines, you will hardly find a single piece of "criticism" which so much as considers the standpoint, the conception of life, from which the writer or artist under discussion works. All is resolved into questions of cleverness, interest, beauty, technique, scholarship. While such "critics" are dealing with writers and artists whose own standpoint, conception of life, is confused and weak, yielded up to convention, orthodoxy, sensuousness, so long their incompetence is less noticeable. But when they come to "criticise" a Tolstoy or a Ruskin, their incompetence is marked and measured, their failure absolute.

A Ruskin, a Tolstoy, great seer, great teacher, lives and works by and for his conception of life. It is his beginning and his end. His earliest utterances prophesy the revelation of it ; his later, exhibit it, and expand it. By virtue of it he speaks with light, power and beauty, which men must, and do, confess. But the "critics," seeing the flow of the stream of light, power and beauty, repudiate the stream's source in the man's conception of life. They profess to show us the construction, size, appearance and use, of some great building, and yet ignore or deny that a

science of mechanics was employed in its construction. To be rational, that is, to be useful, a serious critic, in antagonistically considering a serious work, must do one or both of two things. Either he must (*a*) Destroy the author's or artist's standpoint, proving him to be wrong in his conception of life, or (*b*) Prove that the author or artist, from his standpoint, has observed wrongly, concluded wrongly. I doubt whether a single piece of writing could be found in which the works of, let us again say, Tolstoy or Ruskin, are so dealt with; the reason being that the man who can feel the need of so dealing with them, discovers their truth, and agrees with them.

But there is an affirmative side to criticism. On this side, the business of the critic is to re-inforce the author, if that be possible; to make such suggestion as may kindle the reader's appetite for the work; to call to mind things useful to hold in mind, and emphasise things proper to be emphasised; to remove difficulties, and, it may be, to correct imperfection. Not "to correct imperfection," but to very briefly attempt those other duties, I ask the reader's attention to Tolstoy's latest book, certainly one of his greatest works, "What is Art?" *

The matter of standpoint, conception of life, is vital to the book. All the critics appear to have missed this vital matter, and discussed, as it were, a steam-engine without regard to steam. They have not troubled to raise the questions, "Is Tolstoy's standpoint right?" and, "From his standpoint has he observed and concluded truly?" They have contented themselves with going over the ground that Tolstoy has gone over, taking their own conclusions from their own standpoint; and where these conclusions differ from Tolstoy's, they say, "Tolstoy is wrong here, and there, and there." And this they do even when they praise the book most highly, as they think.

Tolstoy's standpoint, then, is the belief that the source of our

* London: The Brotherhood Publishing Company. Issued in three parts, paper covered, at One Shilling each. To be followed by an edition of one volume in cloth.

SAINT GEORGE.

Life is perfect Love and Truth, as Jesus taught. He finds the true life to be that of the Spirit ; a life which is in contradiction to the animal life, the life of the body. The Spiritual life is the life of love and truth, and everything in our present lives must be examined and valued as leading to, or from, the life of love and truth.

What his conception of life means, Tolstoy has shown us in his practice ; as, indeed, every man must, for our true faith is always embodied in our actions. Renouncing rank, property, friends and reputation, he has put himself on a level with "the common people," sharing their simple life and their useful work, asserting thus his understanding of "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." From this standpoint he surveys the world as we know it, and gives us his valuation of, amongst other things, Art. The critics seem to think he has renounced Art, proclaiming against it as something which does not enter into that narrow peasant-life which they suppose him to advocate. Nothing could be falser.

Looking round on all the writing, painting, composing, performing, done among us at such vast expense of labour and pain, he seeks for a basic understanding of what Art is. Rejecting as insufficient all the vague "æsthetic" endeavours to define Art as cult of beauty, he perceives in Art the universal, necessary and inevitable effort of men to reproduce and convey to each other feelings which they have experienced ; which expressions, by making men sensible that they share their human feelings in common, draw mankind into sympathetic union, promoting harmony, peace, love. Hence come tale-telling, song, harmony in sound, reproduction of impressions and ideas by pictures. The worth of these, as Art, is to be judged by the kind and quality of the feelings they express, the best Art being necessarily that produced by the best, that is, the most loving and truthful, life of man. By this criterion Tolstoy disposes of almost all that we call Art to-day ; shewing it to be the debased amusement of a small class of so-

TOLSTOY'S "*WHAT IS ART?*"

called "rich and cultured," who live on the labour of others, and find their pleasure in mere sense-impressions of form, colour, noise, and verbal or physical skill, often used to convey gross sensuality, and always tending that way. By a wide historical survey, he shows the movement of Art to have always been associated, in its upward tendency, with Religion, which is the rational understanding and just practice of life, and in its downward tendency, with social injustice, and the luxury and corruption of the rich which result therefrom.

The book is so written, free from technicalities and obscurities, and treating only of what is within ordinary knowledge, that it may well be described as "popular." Since first reading Ruskin on Art, I have met nothing but this book which I felt carried me further ; and I think it just to say of "What is Art?" that it is Ruskin systematised, simplified, clarified and proved "to the hilt." It is our common humanity and plain sense reasserting themselves against the mass of elaborate futility and mammonish corruption which in our day usurp the place of that true Art which should convey from one to another of us the deepest, noblest, tenderest, feelings and perceptions.

John C. Kenworthy.

JOHN RUSKIN: POLITICAL ECONOMIST.*

By W. H. Silk.

THE influence which the life and writings of John Ruskin have had upon modern English society is not to be accounted for by his great ability, his profound knowledge, or the perfect style of his literary work. It is due rather to his character, to a strength of moral purpose and earnestness, which gives to every word and action a force such as can only be found in consistency and truth. Sometimes his teaching has been received with scorn and anger, but never with indifference. His message was two-fold: he claimed to be a teacher of Art and a teacher of Political Economy, but with him they were both united and both sprang from a common source, viz., the deep religious earnestness of the man; his conviction that morality, religion, obedience to God, and a spirit of brotherly love were in all branches of human life and conduct, of paramount importance, and that every aspect of human life must be considered and judged in reference to these things, and not apart from them. Our business to-night is to consider John Ruskin as a Political Economist; to find out if we can what are the essential characteristics of his teaching, and in what important particulars he differs from the Economists of his day, of whom we will take Mr. John Stuart Mill as the leading authority.

Political Economy then is our subject, and we must attempt a definition—one that shall be accepted by Mr. Ruskin and also by those who denounce his teaching as impracticable and unsound.

Suppose we say, that Political Economy is the science which sets forth the laws which govern the production, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth, or rather which sets forth the conditions under which wealth is honestly produced, justly distributed,

* An Address delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 1st December, 1897.

and wisely consumed. These qualifying words are all important, for without them it would be impossible to bring Mr. Ruskin's teaching on a line with the others, and we may readily find passages in Mr. Mill's writings to show that he acknowledged the necessity of such qualifying considerations, although, as we shall see, the difference between them is mainly due to the more or less importance which is attached to them.

Mr. Ruskin in his *Fors Clavigera* often uses the term Human Economy instead of Political Economy, and this he does because of the important part which is played by human motive in determining the result which shall be secured, or at all events striven for, in the process. True it is that the possible results are limited, first of all by the methods of nature, and secondly by the extent and accuracy of human knowledge of such methods. But within these limits how great is the variety of selection, how diverse the results which may be secured, and how far-reaching the consequences which follow. In the field of Political Economy, man is not merely an observer, a diligent observer, striving to learn accurately all the lessons of nature; still less is he merely a dumb factor, subject to the disposal of forces over which he has no control, like the brute beasts, for whom we may say there is an Economy which determines for them the conditions of life, but he is an active factor in the process, able by his intelligence or his un-wisdom to make or mar the result, to guide the productive process so as to supply his needs, to distribute the wealth produced justly or unjustly, and to consume the same wisely or unwisely. Now all human action is governed by motive, to which considerations that are moral or ethical of necessity belong; we are therefore justified in claiming for Political Economy the definition of a scientific enquiry into the laws which govern production that shall be honest, distribution that shall be just, and consumption that shall be wise. Thus far we think we may claim there is an agreement between the two masters, but we shall soon see where the difference comes in, and that it is due to the different impor-

SAINT GEORGE.

tance attached to these qualifying words. In treating the subject in detail by Mr. Mill they are scarcely in evidence at all; with Mr. Ruskin, Political Economy becomes a religion, human action is always considered as human *conduct*, and the results are judged as they affect the whole life of man, individual or social, and with reference to the high ideal he has of what human life is capable.

Take first the subject of Wealth.

Mill:

“Wealth then may be defined as all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value, or in other words all useful or agreeable things except those which can be obtained in the quantity desired without labour or sacrifice. It is essential to the ideas of wealth to be susceptible of accumulation. The skill, energy and perseverance of the artizans of a country are reckoned part of its wealth no less than their tools and machinery. According to this definition we should regard all labour as productive which is employed in creating permanent utilities, whether embodied in human beings or in any other animate or inanimate object.”

Ruskin:

“The wealth of the world consists broadly in its healthy food-giving land, its convenient building land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, its works of art. The first principle of my Political Economy is that the material wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women in it, the connected principle of national policy being, that the strength and power of a country depend absolutely upon the quantity of good men and women in the territory of it, and not at all on the extent of the territory, still less on the number of vile or stupid inhabitants. A good crew in a good ship, however small, is a power; but a bad crew in the biggest ship—none. The wealth of a country is *in* its good men and women and in nothing else; the riches of England are good Englishmen, of Scotland good Scotchmen, and of Ireland good Irishmen.”

Any number of extracts could be made from the writings of

both these distinguished men to further illustrate the different estimate which they give on their definition of Wealth—probably the above will suffice.

The subject for our consideration which arises from the divergence is, how far is a definition of wealth consistent with sound Political Economy which omits all reference to the character and quality of the uses to which it is put.

Wealth, according to Mill, consists of all useful and agreeable things which possess exchangeable value, and the sum of the wealth of a nation is the total of such things which have accumulated.

“Not so,” says Ruskin. It is impossible to conclude of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as surely as a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be an indication of faithful industries, progressive energies and productive ingenuities, or it may be indications of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane.

Here we see plainly contrasted the two views. Wealth, according to one, is a good thing, a desirable thing on its own account—no question arising as to how it is acquired or to what uses it is put. According to the other, it may be an evil instead of a good thing—illth not wealth—and is certainly so if not honestly produced and wisely consumed.

Without a doubt it is the former view which prevails in modern England, and a large portion of Mr. Ruskin's life has been devoted to the purpose of showing that our boasted civilization is spurious, that the price paid for the luxury and extravagance which prevail is too costly, that the motives which actuate our captains of industry and our industrial life generally are unsound, and that a society built on such a system is doomed to catastrophe.

Without a doubt also the present industrial system is the result of the adoption by the nation of the principles of Political Econo-

my as advocated by Mr. Mill. The power of capital increases with its accumulation; it grows year by year, and to a large extent it not only determines the direction in which labour shall be applied and the uses to which it shall be put, but it has a dominating influence in the councils of the nation; it directs the foreign and colonial policy of our statesmen, and always with the same object in view. Profit, interest, rent, are what it seeks. Wealth, for its own sake, is its supreme aim.

To further illustrate the contrast between the two masters in their definition of the character of the wealth which it is the object of Political Economy to secure, note the different position occupied by the all-important factor of man in the process. With Mill the wealth which is to be accumulated consists of utilities embodied in material objects, including intelligence, aptitude, experience, skill embodied in men—nothing is said about character and conduct. Our qualifying words—honest, just, and wise—are apparently of no account, but with Mr. Ruskin they are supreme. Human life is the goal in both cases, but the *quality* of the life is considered the important point by Mr. Ruskin, and a development which lowers the standard of human action, which exalts the selfish as against the unselfish motive, which substitutes luxury for contentment, and the accumulation of the material forms of wealth for true refinement is denounced by him as a progress towards death, not life, and as altogether unworthy of man.

It must not be supposed from what has been said that Mr. Ruskin objects to the accumulation of wealth, even when confined to the utilities included in Mr. Mill's definition. Not at all; nor does he care much in whose hands the accumulation is found. He is no democrat, nor is he a socialist as commonly understood, still less an anarchist; he does not object to landlords or, as he calls them, squires, nor to capitalists in their capacity as employers, but what he complains of is that both squires and employers have neglected the *duties* appertaining to their proper position, with results disastrous alike to themselves and to those dependent upon

them. So long as squires make it their business to get as large a revenue as possible from the rent of land and expend it apart from the estate which yields the produce in luxury and extravagance in city life elsewhere; so long as employers exploit their workmen and seek only the accumulation of a fortune regardless of the conditions under which the labourers live, so long will it be impossible to secure the results which according to Mr. Ruskin sound Political Economy seeks to secure. Honest production, just distribution, and wise consumption are impossible under such conditions, and surely in this contention he is right. Whatever we may think of the remedies proposed, and however difficult it may be to determine upon a course of action proper for an individual or a community whose conscience has been touched, it is something to have learnt that the present condition of affairs is wrong, radically wrong, and the sooner it is altered the better. What has to be altered is the motive of life, the source and spring of industrial action, and the main purpose of Mr. Ruskin's writings on Political Economy has been to show that other motives are possible; that history affords abundant illustration of lives motivated differently; that all the best work in the times past has been performed by men and women whose motive was the reverse of that of self-seeking; that really good work is impossible when motivated by the principles of a Political Economy which is based upon covetousness and self-seeking; that in this sphere of human activity as in all others the old Bible adage applies: "He that seeketh his own life shall lose it." It is strange, and it is a very delightful characteristic of his *Fors Clavigera* how he draws from the old book to illustrate his points, and this, not that he finds a system of Political Economy in the Bible, but that he treats Political Economy as Human Economy, as a part of human life, as conduct, and he finds in the Bible more light thrown on human conduct than anywhere else. His analysis of the 119th Psalm, and his comparison of God's work in creation as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis with man's

SAINT GEORGE.

work when motivated either by the good or evil principle are as powerful in their argument as they are delightful in their style. Next to the Bible he quotes from Plato, Dante, and Shakespeare, and of modern writers, Carlyle. Who can wonder that our Political Economists consider him mad.

I do not stand here to-night with a brief for Mr. Ruskin, still less as an apologist seeking for an interpretation of his writings which shall secure your approval at the expense of his real meaning, but rather as a humble student, desirous of catching the spirit of the Master and interpreting the details by the main principle of his teaching. He has written some things hard to be received by people whose lives have been formed amid conditions which are denounced by him in unmeasured terms as immoral and unsound. The receipt of interest he describes as usury, and, therefore, unjust and robbery; the establishment of railways as an infernal means of locomotion, and machine production as disastrous to the true life of the nation. In all these particulars he is directly opposed to the teaching of Modern Political Economists of whom I have taken Mr. Mill as the representative, and to the principles of society as practised by modern civilized states. The receipt of interest for investments is the one means by which capital is accumulated and individual fortunes are made; without our railways and telegraphs modern life would be impossible, and without machine industry the ever increasing population of Europe could not be maintained. Surely in themselves these things are not such unmitigated evils as it is commonly supposed Mr. Ruskin considers them to be; but, indeed, in this respect, Mr. Ruskin has suffered in common with many other writers who do not hesitate to give the message they have to declare to the world in terms which are unqualified in their denunciation of evil. The passages in which he denounces these things are separated from their context and are wilfully misunderstood as constituting the whole of his teaching on Political Economy, and as the utterances of a madman. It is said of his

teaching that it is impracticable, and if this could be demonstrated it would be a fatal objection, for Political Economy is a practical science and must be judged by its results. In this, Political Economists are agreed, the difference being that while they are, in the main, satisfied with the results, Mr. Ruskin is highly dissatisfied with them, and traces the evils which must be evident to all thoughtful men as fostered, promoted, intensified, and perpetuated by the conditions of life which possess the sanction and approval of a Political Economy which limits its scope to the accumulation of wealth embodied in utilities, and omits from its consideration the quality of the motive from which such accumulations proceed and the uses to which they are put.

Let us take some of these points of detail, one by one, and apply the practical test of their worth or worthlessness.

Interest.

Whatever may be said about the abstract principle of taking interest for loans or investments, it is at present the only method by which individuals can provide for a time when they shall be unable to earn by labour the necessary means of subsistence for themselves and those dependant on them, and from a national point of view it provides the funds required for that increase in the productive forces of the nation which an ever increasing population and higher standard of living make necessary: so far good, but in a society conditioned as ours is, with the free play of competition and the selfish desire for more wealth with all its accompanying advantages of influence and power, it furnishes the means for undue accumulation in the hands of the few, it gives to capital the tremendous power of control which is used in such an unscrupulous manner, it promotes undue speculation, it has created an ever increasing class of persons who constitute the monied interest, stockbrokers, company promoters, and financiers, who contribute nothing whatever to the production of the wealth of the country, it is the direct cause of those fearful crises in the history of our industrial life which are the result of an unwise

SAINT GEORGE.

development of the powers of production without reference to the demands of consumption, as clearly demonstrated by Professor Hobson in his book on the Evolution of Modern Capitalism, and it furnishes a means by which Governments and monopolists perpetuate a tax upon labour for future generations, ages after the original advance shall have been completely destroyed.

Railways.

The great advantages which are secured to us by the inventions of steam power locomotion and electric telegraphy are too evident to need pointing out here, and are too valuable to permit of our contemplating their abolition for a moment, and, indeed, nothing of the kind is advocated by Mr. Ruskin. To understand his severe criticism upon them and the way they have been promoted and extended, we must think of the contrast drawn by the two passages I read from his writings at the commencement of this discussion, and bear in mind, that to his mind, they stand for the modern England which he describes in his *Fors*, and are by the importance which is attached to them, and by the place they occupy in our social life, the greatest obstacle to the realisation of the ideal England he describes in the passage taken from *Unto this Last*. "Every power of his life," says Mr. Ruskin, "is a power for good or a power for evil," and the knowledge of applied science is one of the greatest powers of modern days, and if wisely used is a power for good, but if used recklessly and regardless of all considerations than that of increasing forms of material wealth, and regardless of the conditions of life of an ever increasing population made possible by its means, it is a power for evil.

Machine Industry.

The quality of machine industry which is commended by the Political Economists is to be found in the enormous added value which it gives to human labour, the increased power of production and facility of exchange: certainly without it modern society could not exist, and it is the most important factor in the industrial development which has taken place through the century

now drawing to its close. This is the reason why Mr. Ruskin denounces it in such unmeasured terms; and in the hope of mitigating the evil condition of our national life caused by the unchecked use of such means, he has given up a large portion of his property for the purpose of founding a Guild: given it up, I fear, with no appreciable result. No machines, he says, can increase the possibilities of life, but only the possibilities of idleness. This is just what they have done. Life, according to Mr. Ruskin, consists of something more than the accumulation of forms of material wealth, and idleness is anything but a boon to men who can use it only for dissipation. There are three material things not only useful, but essential to life, he says: pure air, water and earth, and three immaterial things—admiration, hope, and love. Admiration: the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible form and lovely in human character, and necessarily striving to produce what is beautiful in form and to become what is lovely in character. Hope: the recognition by true foresight of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others. Love: both of family or neighbour, faithful and satisfied. These things are to be obtained, he says, by a true political economy, and under our present system we have polluted and vitiated the first three, and for the latter have learnt contempt, despair, and hate. Our political economy is based upon what we state to be the constant instinct of man, the desire to defraud his neighbour. Mr. Ruskin does not denounce our present system without good cause, and has no lack of evidence for his condemnation. The race for wealth has been followed in a most unscrupulous fashion; the true conditions of a healthy, wholesome human life with all the possibilities that attach to increased scientific knowledge, and the social responsibility which such power carries with it, have been lost sight of. The anticipations of our political economists have been largely realized, never was England so rich, luxury is not confined to the few, the standard of living has been raised all round, we of the

middle and lower classes have at our command opportunities of enjoyment which our fathers never dreamt of. And yet, who among us is not conscious of something lacking, which is far more important than all we possess? Has the human motive which moves the industrial machine been raised or lowered by the developments which have taken place? The relations which exist between master and servant, employer and employed, landlord and tenant, how have they been modified by the introduction of machine industry, and the development of our monetary system? Are our workmen more or less of artists, craftsmen properly so-called, have they more or less interest in their work? With all our knowledge of applied science, can we produce such master-work as our fathers did? Have we even the desire to do so? Would it pay? What of the enormous population which is drawn to our manufacturing and mining centres and our large towns? What sort of lives do the people live, and what happiness do they find in the pursuit of a calling which is in the main monotonous, devoid of interest, without inspiration, and followed simply and solely for the sake of the wages they can earn? The masters, likewise, whose business aim is to make money, are they any better off in this respect? Are not all the energies and powers of their life absorbed in the all-engrossing object of success in competition which grows keener year by year? The uncontrolled development of machine industry which has taken place during the last half-century has been a frightful waste of power, not only in that it has absorbed the greater part of the energies of the nation, but also that it has unfitted men for the pursuit of higher aims. The deceitfulness of riches!—modern England is deceived by the false promises of happiness made to her by the old temptress of mankind. Machinery has a most useful and valuable purpose to serve in our social life; by its means mighty works can be accomplished, and the control of man over the forces of nature largely increased. By its means the necessities for human life can be assured and supplied to every man, and opportunity given for the development

JOHN RUSKIN: POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

of human life on its artistic and its ethical side; but of what avail is it if the aspirations of life are blunted and its standard lowered by the very instrument which should have served for the opportunity of development. Truly, as Mr. Ruskin says: "Wealth becomes illth." These illustrations of Mr. Ruskin's argument must suffice, though we might take others. Rent, wages, capital, or any topic appertaining to the subject, we should find he treats in the same manner. Always and everywhere with him, human action is human conduct, moral considerations are never indifferent, they are always supreme. The old scripture doctrine of stewardship is with him a practical ground for human life—like the old Hebrew Prophets he enforces his teaching as to the true life of individuals and of the nation with warnings as to the consequences which must inevitably follow a departure from the true path, and like the prophet Isaiah his message is one of hope and of encouragement.

It would be a mistake to interpret Mr. Ruskin's teaching on Political Economy as a message of despair. It is certainly one of warning and of strong denunciation, but if I understand it rightly it is also one of hope, and hope which, at times, becomes confidence. He not only condemns human action which is motivated by a partial, an incomplete analysis of the springs of human conduct, but he supplies the missing motive, and by illustrations drawn from past history, and from the teaching of the greatest and best men of all nations, he seeks to elevate the aims of political economy, to enforce the responsibility which, of necessity, is attached to increased knowledge, and to secure a recognition of those moral and ethical principles, in the absence of which prosperity may become a snare and civilization a fraud. In the nature of this argument it has been necessary to contrast the views of the Political Economists of whom Mr. Mill has been taken as a representative with those of Mr. Ruskin, but it is only right to say that the teaching of the present acknowledged masters of this subject, has advanced far beyond the limitations which were laid

SAINT GEORGE.


down by the former, and that the result has been an approach towards the principles advocated by Mr. Ruskin, or at all events a recognition of the inadequacy of the principles accepted as sufficient by the earlier school. The names of Jevons, of Marshall, of Smart, and of Hobson, to which many others might be added, are a justification for this statement.

Perhaps the objection to Mr. Ruskin's teaching, which has most popular favour, is the statement that it is impracticable. Now, what is the real meaning of that charge? Is it not simply that in a society motived as ours is, such a motive is impracticable? Why, of course it is—no one doubts it—certainly not John Ruskin. But his contention is that our motive is wrong, that it should be altered, that it is inconsistent with the principles of Christianity, with the teachings of Christ, whose servants we profess to be. We are striving to serve God and Mammon, hence the impracticability. Over and over again in the history of man's life has the attempt been made, and always with one result. Do you think the result is likely to be different because of the different form which the attempt has taken under the conditions of applied scientific knowledge and machine production which modern society has at its command?

Mr. Ruskin's message to us is that the same result will follow, and in my humble judgment Mr. Ruskin is absolutely right.

THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.*

By Walter Crane, A.R.W.S.

 HOSE constantly repeated and even unconscious visual impressions attached to certain variations in the structure and correlation of line, by which we are all influenced, are important to artists, since they affect all design as a means of expression; and as forming the links of the chain of an inseparable association of ideas must necessarily be interesting to all who care to understand the speech of art.

We may, firstly, regard line, indeed, as a *symbolic* language by itself, standing in the place of both speech and writing, as in primitive signs, picture writing, and hieroglyphics, and we might trace its evolution onwards in two main directions, on the one hand formalizing into the arbitrary character of written language, and on the other developing into the wide field of emblematic, poetic, and allegorical art.

We may also regard Line in its strictly *decorative* province as a species of silent music, or rhythmic control, producing harmonies by means of ornamental form and arrangement: in this direction Line being capable of reaching its highest development as regards beauty of structure and expression.

There is yet a third province—that of *graphic* expression, in which Line becomes the means of the delineation of character, of the external facts and aspects of nature, capable of the representation or even imitation of textures and surfaces, and becoming the faithful chronicler of contemporary life, manners, and history; and finally in its higher monumental forms (which may unite the qualities of all these three kinds) we have the most articulate and permanent record of a people's life and aspirations.

We often hear it said by people anxious to disclaim the possession of graphic skill, "I cannot even draw a straight line." Well,

* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 9th February, 1898. The numbers given in the text refer to the illustrations.

SAINT GEORGE.

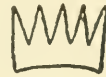
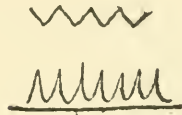
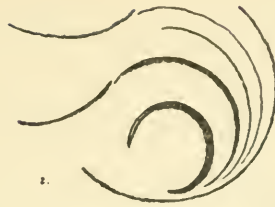
as a matter of fact, it is *very difficult* to draw a perfectly straight line; yet the saying seems to imply a just apprehension of the negative or neutral character of such a line. Yet, joined to the vertical it may be considered as the root or ground from which spring all the expressive variations we know, or as the angle between which we might mark the degrees of those variations, taking as the extremes of thickness or tenuity in art, the thickest lead line of the glazier or the iron bar of the blacksmith on the one hand, and the hair line of the etching needle on the other (1).

In like manner the semi-circle might be considered as the cradle of the family of curved lines radiating or ramifying from it (2).

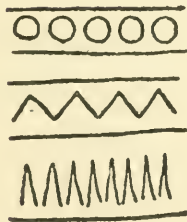
The straight or level line in nature is one horizon, only perfect on the sea, and we may perceive our semi-circle in the sun rising above it. To emphasise the idea that it is the sun—to make it more expressive, that is—we should want to put certain radiating lines around it (3). We then only repeat in principle one of the earliest symbols devised by man, who expressed in this way and other variations, using one complete circle, his impression of the sun. If we add certain wavy or zig-zag lines to the horizon lines we suggest at once the path of light and the waves of the surface (3). This is the same principle of Line as that used by primitive man when he used the meander or zig-zag to represent or to symbolize water.

The same principle of Line, but carried to higher and more acute points, has done duty for the antithesis of water—fire. This suggests that the form of the old type of kingly crown owes its origin to the same idea (4), and the points were probably originally intended to suggest rays of fire or light springing from the head in the same way as the sun's rays are treated, forming a kind of glory or halo to express the idea of celestial power and majesty, an idea carried out more completely in the rayed nimbus or aureole enclosing sacred personages in Christian and Buddhistic art. We thus have simple line words or graphic shorthand for the sun and the sea, for water and for fire.

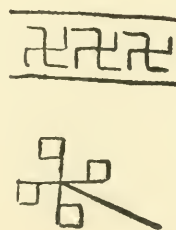
THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.



6.



7.



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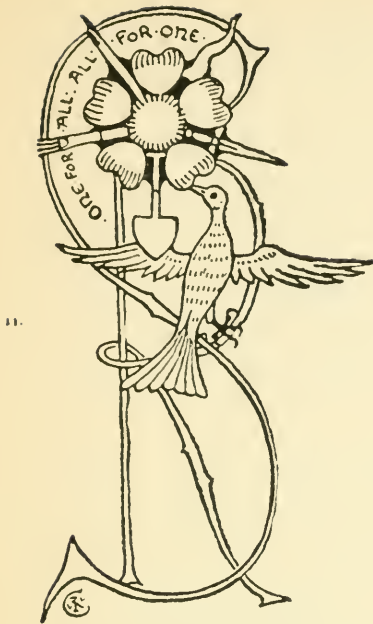
The wide air seems more difficult to comprehend in so simple a way. The ancient Egyptians made use of expanded wings. Their goddess (Nut) of the heavens, who figures upon the mummy cases, is a slender figure with great spreading wings supporting a globe or disk (the sun) upon her head. Their symbol of a globe with wings, too, seems to suggestively express the idea of the movement of the earth through space, potent with all forms of life (5). Thus we have simple linear symbols for the primal elements—earth, air, fire, and water.

Ideas of the universe and of the rotation of the stars would seem still more difficult to convey in a simple linear abstract form, yet here again our Scandinavian ancestors had an extremely compact symbol by which they suggested to the mind an image or ground plan of the Norse conception of the universe. This consisted of three circles, one within the other, the outer one surrounded by dots (6). The centre one signified *Midgard*, or the earth, the abode of man; the second circle, *Asgard*, or the abode of the gods; and the outer circle, *Uigard*, or the world of evil spirits, while the dots indicated the unknown starry realms.

There is a striking similarity in general plan between the design of this Scandinavian emblem (often repeated as a decorative pattern on textiles in Anglo-Saxon times) and the diagrams of modern astronomers when they wish to demonstrate the arrangement of the solar system, and the relative position of the sun and the planets in their respective orbits. The axial rotation of the heavens round the pole star is supposed to have been intended by an ancient symbolic sign, known as the Fylfot or Suvastika, which has both a rectangular and curvilinear form (6). There is certainly an irresistible suggestion of rotatory movement in these lines, more emphatic in its later heraldic form, as we find it on an ancient Greek shield, or in the well known bearings of the Isle of Man (6).

All these forms being symbolic at first of the great elemental wonders of nature, or having a divine significance, were supposed to carry a certain benison with them, and were used as marks or

THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.



A

8



M



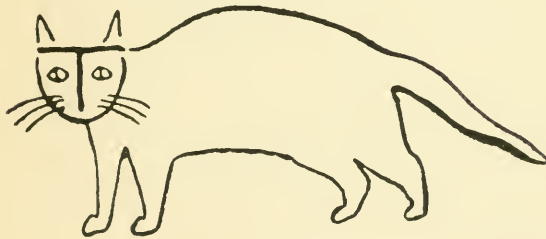
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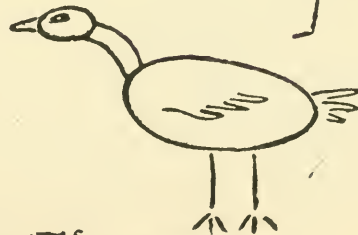
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9.



CHARLES & THOMAS



10.

THE LITTLE
MAN & HIS FISH POND

SAINT GEORGE.

signs of good luck. In repetition they had the charm of simple ornament, and in course of time mingling with the other great source of ornamental form—the constructive—became decoration pure and simple.

So we find in the ornament of all early people, the circles, or sun symbols, repeated in rows between horizontal lines, forming borders upon pottery and textiles, or embossed in metal. The zig-zag and meander and the tongues of flame in like manner were reduced to series and system to satisfy the developing æsthetic sense, while the fylfot appears and reappears as an element in border designs on all sorts of objects through ages of variation and in many different countries and periods of art, and to this day may be seen practically illustrated in the form and use of a child's toy (7).

Writing, after all, might be considered as a kind of degraded drawing, the abstract forms of our letters being derived in the course of a long and complex evolution from Egyptian hieroglyphics. It might be said, indeed, of Egyptian art generally, that statements were pictures, and pictures were statements.

Our Roman capital A, for instance, in its ancestral form was supposed to have represented an eagle, of which perhaps we may still discover traces in our type. Our M is traced back to the head of an owl in the Egyptian system. Our i is a relic of the actual eye, reduced to a single ray or eyelash, the pupil left to form the distinctive dot (8). This tendency to dwell upon the salient features in primitive art we may see illustrated in any child's drawing at the present day. How often, for instance, the image of the typical modern citizen decorates our play rooms, walls, and doors in this sort of guise! (9).

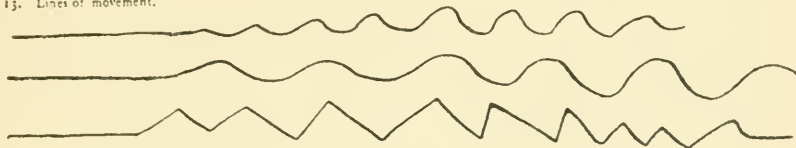
There is much to be learned from children's drawings in the frank and symbolic method of statement and the ignoring of inessential details. It is clear that drawing with them is regarded as a language and often as a language *only*. An imaginative child is carrying on a continual drama, and when he is not acting in it

THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.

12. Lines of repose.



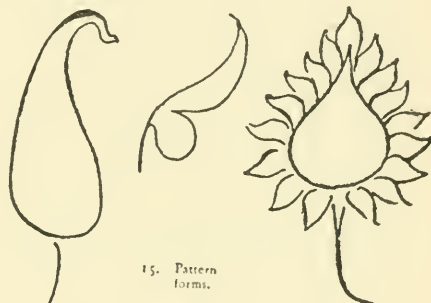
13. Lines of movement.



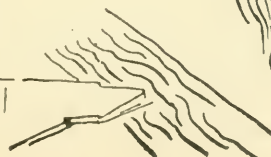
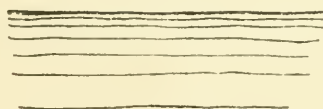
14. Suggested constructive origin of linear pattern.



16.
Control of linear
plan in pattern
designing.



15. Pattern
forms.



17. Typical linear methods
of graphic expression,
of tint and textures.

SAINT GEORGE.

himself he must at least be his own playwright. As long as the images satisfy his dramatic sense he is content, and it matters not how abstract or rude they may be. Presently his graphic power falls behind his imagination, or, more probably with the acquisition of reading the delights of another language draw him away from that of primitive line; he eats of the tree of knowledge, and perhaps discovers that his first conceptions are bare and bald, and unless the creative impulse is unusually strong, he is discouraged when he faces the grind of school work, which is supposed to increase his graphic powers by methods which often seem dry and remote from any imaginative bearing upon his childish ideals.

How indeliable the linear language is when associated with story or drama, is proved by the clear and ineffaceable impression made upon the mind in childhood by pictures. One never forgets them, though often the text they illustrate. But when the process of drawing, however rude, becomes itself the means of the communication of the story, it is still more impressive.

There is a form of picture-writing which still survives, I believe, in the nursery. There are two simple instances I remember which used to be great favourites: "The Story of Charles and Thomas," and the story of "The Little Man and his Fish-Pond" (10). Further experiments might be made in this direction; perhaps, and on the same principle, by means of rather more complex forms, ideas of a more extensive kind might be suggested—such as this suggestion for a badge for the Ruskin Society of Birmingham—a Rose built up of the five supporters on true hearts, with the emblems of speech, art, defence, literature, labour, united by the dove of amity, with the motto "One for all and all for one" (11).

But let us return to our horizontal line. The idea of *fixity* or *rest* has become inseparably connected with such lines which recall the lines of the level plain, the lines of the lintel in architecture, or the ridge of the roof, or the courses of masonry, or seat or couch: all suggesting fixity of position and repose.

THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.

This expression of repose in graphic art is heightened by undulating lines gradually declining to the horizontal, or leading the eye down to it.

If we put a figure reclining on the couch or the ground the expression of repose would obviously be more complete (12). The same in landscape, where a variety of gently undulating lines leading down to levels or bounded by the sea-line would carry the sense of restfulness more completely than horizontal lines alone could do. Vertical lines in contrast, again, often serve to emphasize the expression of repose, as when we add the stems.

As the vertical lines of columns in a building add to the expression of the horizontal lines of cornice and roof, repose in landscape would also be suggested by the meandering curves of a river or stream always seen when the ground approaches the level. The curve however adds a certain suggestion of *movement*. Directly we vary the horizontal line and make it break or meander into curves, *movement* is expressed, gentle or violent, swift or slow, according to the degree of the angle or curve (13). The short sharp zig-zag suggesting quick energetic movement, the wider and more rounded wave-like curves suggesting gentle flowing motion, until with wider and wider intervals we fall again into the repose of the horizontal.

By means of the meandering line we reach, too, another quality important to expression, especially that of decorative beauty, namely, rythm. The value of the alternating up-and-down movement expressed by such lines as these was perceived long ago by the earliest potters as agreeably emphasizing the shoulders and lips of their vessels of clay, although they might originally have been derived from primitive construction. The curves of the withy twisting in and out of the stakes of the pre-historic wattled fence, seen in ground plans as a worker stooping over it would see it, might very well have suggested such lines; but however devised, the decorative instinct soon saw their beauty and value in ornamental expression, and they have long ago become part of the

SAINT GEORGE.

stock-in-trade of the designer, and they and their variants may be said to be almost the metre of the decorative artist controlling the masses and movement of design in all kinds (14).

The control of masses in ornamental design is another important part of the expression of Line, for not only by Line is defined our detail, but the *limits of pattern*; that is to say, the often invisible linear plan of lines and curves upon which the pattern is constructed, as well as the invisible curves which regulate the contours of its forms and their relation to each other and the whole (15).

These ground plans of pattern form patterns themselves of a simple sort, and express horizontal or vertical extension or both. Any design built upon such lines may either emphasize the character of its plan or almost entirely conceal it. But a floral form, say in the pattern of a textile, cannot be regarded by the designer as a floral form, pure and simple.

“A primrose by the river's brim
And . . . nothing more.”

It must be rhythmically disposed: it must fall into a graceful controlling boundary to enable it to play its part harmoniously in the tune of pattern. The oriental designers thoroughly understood this, and it is this which with the workman-like recognition of the conditions of material and textile graceful fancy which makes their floral designs, whether in carpets, hangings, or embroideries, models of grace and beauty.

Certain forms have taken their place in the grammar of design as indispensable to beautiful ornamental expression. Of such are the Persian and Indian palmette, the Persian pomegranate and rayed flower, and the Arabian and Moorish leaf forms (16). No doubt all of them originally of symbolic meaning of a benedictory kind.

To this day the Chinese are influenced by the significance of a trade mark, and are said to consider both the colour and design of a label before buying. They are evidently people who have not yet lost the use of their eyes. One of our consuls in the East

THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.

has recently said: "Goods intended for the Chinese market should bear a trade mark which expresses a desire for the happiness and prosperity of the consumer or user, and for the increase of his or her descendants. 'Age and happiness,' 'All wishes fulfilled,' 'Best of luck,' 'Blessings and fortune,' 'Fame, beauty, health and power,' 'Dragon's own luck,' 'Oceans of happiness,' or drawings of strange beasts or birds which convey the idea of similar good wishes." It would be too much to say, perhaps, "take care of your trade marks and the goods will take care of themselves," but evidently the Language of Line is of some account even in trade.

But the love of compact and suggestive symbolism, of emblem and figurative expression exists among every people, varying according to the characteristics of the race. Has not each nation its "strange beasts and birds," its national and royal emblems, and in flags highly abstract and conventional arrangements of Line and colour are capable, we know, of evoking the greatest enthusiasm. Apart from the aggressive patriotism which seems so fashionable, they seem to write the word "country" and "home" with all the associations and traditions which gather about them in a shorter way than is possible in any other language. The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle mean as much to the Briton, perhaps, as the palm to the Indian, or the peony to the Chinese, and they are often expressed in a very abstract and heraldic way.

The heralds, too, have invented a method of expressing colours by means of lines of different directions, which must be set down as another faculty of Line.

The graphic draughtsman has his own methods of suggesting colour, mostly by means of contrast and tone; tone and tint being capable of being rendered with the utmost delicacy and truth to natural effect by means of Line, as our finest wood and line-engraving and etching shows. The wood engraver expresses tints of different degrees of density by lines of different degrees of thickness, or by leaving greater or less white spaces between them.

SAINT GEORGE.

And both draughtsmen and engravers use lines of different quality and character to express different textures and surfaces. Rough stone, for instance, or smooth glass, or wood, or hair, or wool (17).

Such lines and systems of line may be taken as the draughtsman's words for these things. The accent, the exact method of pronunciation, as it were, will vary with every individual artist in line, though regarding the whole field of linear expression as practised at different epochs certain family likeness will be observable. The words are universal—it is their use and emphasis which vary, like handwriting which, while acknowledging the same form of letters, differs very widely in style and character with different individuals. At one time, indeed, handwriting was a kind of half-way house to drawing. The old books of the masters of calligraphy are full of decorative flourishes, and methods of producing certain forms, such as swans, fish, serpents, and other fearful wild fowl by means of pure penmanship are given, engraved afterwards upon copper-plate which has since given its name through generations of copy-books to a correct and elegant hand. The flourishes, the beasts and birds have long ago disappeared, like the personification of the winds and the ships from our maps, and with them much romance and suggestion, and also, I venture to think, a considerable degree of that pleasure and interest which stimulates and encourages the beginner and cultivates in imagination a sense of beauty—two most important elements in any scheme or system of education.

A narrow utilitarianism, based upon a system of commercial competition, may shear away all the flora from the hard rocks of bare fact in education, until even its own ends are defeated in so doing, and the mechanical beings it educates no longer answer its demands. We want to restore the relationship between different branches of knowledge, as in design and handicraft. Writing might prove, as I have said, a useful half-way house to drawing, and facility of hand might be cultivated in more varied and interesting ways than in forming the rather stiff, bald, and ugly char-

THE LANGUAGE OF LINE.

acters of the round hand of our copy-books. Certain simple and typical natural forms or units of ornament could certainly be acquired by a child as easily: beginning with circles and the lines derived from them, and gradually proceeding to more complex forms. A certain power of expression by means of Line might be almost imperceptibly acquired, useful and pleasurable to all, and of material help to those whose special talent led them into the domain of design.

With regard to the expression of movement which, as we have seen, even the slightest rythmic variation of the horizontal line suggests, it is noticeable that when the movement to be expressed becomes action in figures, a series of figures in different stages of that action conveys the idea much more completely and forcibly than an isolated figure in one stage of action would do. In a complete series of actions, such as in bowling at cricket or putting the stone, as represented by instantaneous photography, if we draw an imaginary line touching the highest points of the figure at each stage we get an undulating wave-line rising to its crest and falling again to the horizontal as the stone is cast. So that the wave-line, which is the most simple mode of expressing movement, is actually described when we come to the complex action of the human body in violent exercise.

The completion of the chain of such action as registered by the photograph depends of course upon the completeness of each of the instantaneous links. The expression of action or movement is lost if we take one of the single photographs apart from the rest. It is therefore by no means safe to copy a photographic instantaneous action into a drawing under the delusion that an expression of truthful movement is given. Expression by means of Line as a language presupposes a certain convention, and is bound also to appeal to certain prepossessions of the eye, which is not precisely like a photographic lens. The sweeping wave-like lines and curves of movement are always unmistakable in their expression, and as an instance one may refer to the lines taken by wind-swept

SAINT GEORGE.

trees often seen on our coast, which in course of time grow under those lines, so that though seen in calm summer weather the impression is still that a high wind is blowing.

Besides the expression of movement the waved or serpentine line is associated with ideas of beauty. The undulating subtle outlines of the contours of the human figure which flow one into the other, changing with every movement, afford the finest instances of delicate expressive line, since each line means *life* in its most highly organized shape. The main principles of constructive Line are found there—the fundamental linear systems and forms which control ornament—from the square and circle, which the extremities touch in extension, to the radiating principle in the bones and muscles which perhaps is more expressive than any other of the vital principle itself. We see this in the radiating branching nerve and veins of the living animal organism, from their common centres in head and heart re-echoed in the lines taken by the plants springing from their roots in the ground, and the branches of the trees ramifying from the central stem, or the vein system illustrated in the single leaf. We see it again more emphatically in the spreading of the bird's wing, and the rigid ribs of scallop shell, and throughout constructive art, from the vaulting of Gothic roofs to the delicate ivory ribbed fan in a lady's hand.

Associated with this radiating principle of Line, too, is the idea of aspiration as well as rejoicing expressed in figures holding their arms aloft, as in William Blake's conception in the Book of Job: "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

The contrary feelings of debasement and despair are expressed by lines and masses bending downwards and overhanging, as of bowed heads and bent figures. The ancient symbol of grief was to put ashes on the head, as much as to say, "I am bowed to the ground." The attitude of grief is expressed in early vase paintings by the hands being placed upon the crown of the head. A submission and subjection was illustrated by the prostrate figure

with the foot of the conqueror upon the neck. A vertical and a horizontal supplication would be conveyed by a kneeling figure with the hands raised and joined; rejection or repudiation by averted head and extended arm or arms and hands expressing a certain resistance. For exerting actual force in pushing something weighty, the angle is acute and the line of the body approaches the horizontal.

Again, as regards ideas of height or width: If we take two forms—say two pyramids of the same size—and make one with horizontal lines and the other with vertical lines. The one with the vertical lines will appear to be narrower and taller than the horizontally lined one. This is a consideration useful to be remembered by persons of capacious figure, whose apparent width would be increased by the use of decorative horizontal bands, while narrowed by the use of vertical stripes. The same principle applies in the decoration of a room. A low wall cut with patterns running in horizontal lines would look lower and longer, while vertical lines and patterns would increase its apparent height.

All these instances show that there is a considerable range of expression within the reach of Line alone (apart from its purely graphic or pictorial function) that by means of its various modifications various definite ideas are conveyed more directly and more emphatically than by words.

In the graphic and pictorial direction Line language has a considerable field in the modern newspaper and magazine, which have been factors in the evolution of artists in Line. In the first place, controlled by the necessities of wood-engraving and printing with type, which, from the knife-work of the early woodcut to the modern facsimile photographically reproduced and electrotyped process block, gives a certain character to the work of the draughtsman in Line, owing to the very limitations of the methods. Of late, indeed, the facilities of photographic reproduction and the various methods of making plans and blocks from drawings of all kinds have rather superseded line drawing in our periodicals, and

SAINT GEORGE.

the public eye, perhaps, constantly educated by photographs, looks for photographic effects and full tone, and becomes perhaps less appreciative of the more selective knowledge and concentrated skill which an expressive design or graphic drawing in pure Line demands. Artists also, allured by the apparent ease and facility with which tone and wash drawings can be reproduced get to prefer the more facile methods of the brush, and do not care to face the severe study and practice necessary to facile and expressive results in Line.

Yet Line work must remain far more interesting because more directly characteristic of the individual artist and his way of looking at and expressing things and ideas.

What would the art of Albert Dürer be, for instance, without his work in Line in his famous woodcuts and copper-plates? The necessities of the knife and the wood block in the one, and of the needle and the graver and the metal in the other compelled him to concentrate his genius and put the force of his intellect into linear expression all the stronger for its limitations and restrictions. He shows us both power of draughtsmanship, vigorous design, firm and sensitive portraiture and intellectual power, and grotesque as well as poetic and religious feeling. As we look at such works as "The Cannon," "The Flight into Egypt," the heads of Erasmus, of Pirkhimer, of Maximillian, "The Rhinoceros," and the wonderful woodcut series of the *Apocalypse*, we feel that here, at any rate, was a master who regarded Line as a language in every sense of the word.

We have many good and vigorous artists in black and white and designers in Line, and indeed it is in the direction of the popular art of black and white and the Language of Line we must look not only for the most original and characteristic art of our day, but for the real record and mirror of the mind and life of our day. It is the most alive, the most intimate, it is the nearest approach to an art of the people that we possess. It appeals to all sorts and conditions; it goes everywhere; it illustrates every side of life,

every passing fashion and phase of taste; it serves the offices of both jester and of chronicler—in one column perhaps giving us the handwriting of the barometer (always somewhat crabbed in these latitudes) and on the next page perhaps giving us the lines of that equally variable quantity—ladies' dress! Here, perhaps, it reminds us of our history by the image of some venerable relic of the past in the shape of an ancient building about to retire in favour of the demands of pushing commercialism. There it fosters the mania for expansion, or the restless gold fever by maps and sketches of distant lands.

Considering the extent to which our newspapers now rely upon illustration and graphic demonstration, I have often wondered that none have ventured to dispense with text altogether, and rely wholly on the Language of Line.

By images of a lady in (it must be said) a more or less inadequate costume, one journal daily records or predicts the weather. That is easy. You have only to attach a special artist to the meteorological office. The summary of news might require unusual powers of invention, and perhaps an accepted code of signals. There are many designers already accustomed to deal with the political situation. These illustrations would naturally be *party* coloured. Besides these, for the more scientific observer there might be a political thermometer day by day—the rising or falling bulbs indicated by the heads of representative public men. Agriculture, commerce, shipping would be comparatively easy to deal with suggestively, still more so the relative positions of capital and labour. Stories without words would enliven odd corners, while the interests of sport—apparently the serious section of our newspapers—could easily and effectively be provided for pictorially by experts; while the familiar emblems of “bulls and bears” in varying attitudes might be kept ready to indicate the state of the stock exchange—that pendulum of the world's clock! These are merely suggestions, but if the artists did their work properly an immense amount of time could be saved. One could tell at a glance how


SAINT GEORGE.

matters stood, although it might be necessary to subscribe to more papers to get a complete view of the world.

An Eastern sage said to a British traveller, "Like the majority of your countrymen, you have wandered from place to place till you are happy and content in none." Perhaps we may get tired of wandering some day (even in newspapers) and of filling the world with home-sick Britons, and it may occur to us generally that we have our work cut out for us in setting our house in order at home, and in seeing that every Briton *has* at least a home and a life worth living. Then, perhaps, our demands upon art will be different, we shall not want so many telegraphic despatches to put in the waste paper basket, but seek something more permanent and beautiful to adorn our walls with, where the Language of Line may appeal to us and to our children in new and nobler forms, for the art of a people must always be the expression of its life and ideals.

REVIEWS.

Poems, by John Lucas Tupper. Edited by W. M. Rossetti. Longman's, 3s. 6d.

HE name of J. L. Tupper is not altogether unfamiliar to us. We know him as one of the small band who founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, also as a contributor to *Mind* and to that treasure of Bibliophiles—*The Germ*. We know him too, under the pseudonym of Outis, as the author of a book called *Hiatus*, on the value and necessity of drawing in modern education, a book which had the honour of being ascribed (not unworthily) to John Ruskin by its first reviewers. The recently published letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti give us further glimpses of this most retiring of "the Brothers," and one passage in those letters gives us a hint that Rossetti thought highly of his friend not only as an artist, but also as a poet of no mean order. "There was a little lyric of Tupper's," he writes, "on the garden of Eden in ruinous decay of which I thought very highly . . . had it been the writing of Edgar Poe it would have enjoyed world-wide celebrity."

That poem is included in the present volume. It deserves the praise that it received, and yet it is not by any means the best poem in the book. If we must make a choice, we would rather have a sonnet "To my friend Holman Hunt," written, as the editor's note informs us, on the fly-leaf of Mr. Hunt's copy of *The Germ*.

"I see so much of sorrow on the earth,
O Hunt, that were it not for natural things,
The careless loitering of lucent springs,
The evening sweetness and the morning mirth
Of songsters, and, far most, amidst this dearth
Of earthly love, thy brave endeavourings
To catch the far harmonious murmurings
That tell how calm a region gave them birth,—
I might be led to doubt, in evil hour,

SAINT GEORGE.

With such a failure as the world doth seem,
Where love and ruth serve churlishness and hate,
I might be won in darkened hour to dream
Of chance misrule, or evil guiding power,—
But for these counsellings to hope and wait.”

As J. L. Tupper’s anonymous book on drawing was ascribed to John Ruskin, so we should not have blamed the critic who, coming across this poem anonymously, had referred it to the same master. There is the same sympathy with nature and with man, the same firmness of touch and balance of expression, and the same earnest looking forward.

The poems do not readily lend themselves to quotations, for Mr. Tupper is not a poet of phrases; there are no jewels five words long, no purple patches, no languorous assonances or deft feats of verbal counterpoint. But there is the true feeling for nature. “If the heart be right,” says Thomas à Kempis, “then will every creature be to thee a mirror of truth and a book of holy doctrine.” And of such are these poems. Mr. Tupper is a lover of birds, of gardens, and of rural scenes. But he is *par excellence* the poet of Night in all its moods. He

“Listens what nature doth alone
When men are sleep over-thrown.

He makes us feel the solemnising power of night, its soothing peacefulness, its eeriness; he makes us hear the music of night inaudible by day; he makes us feel its breath “as calm, but scarce as cold as death.” He has, too, the rare power of blending science with poetry, and giving poetic expression to modern scientific discovery.

“The ether string
That throbs with colour.”

is a most happy rendering in imaginative form of the theory of light vibrations. Other poems are in a lighter vein; one gives a roughly rhymed account of a meeting of the Brotherhood at Mr.

Tupper's own house, when D. G. Rossetti read "his latest Muse-born Child," *Sister Helen*, "a rhyme of Hell and Heaven."

In short, Mr. Tupper is no mere writer of verses but a poet in the truer sense. He never published himself. To him poetry, like virtue, was its own reward. And he that receives the poet shall receive the poet's reward.

J. L. Paton.

J. F. Millet and Rustic Art. By Henry Naegely (*Henry Gaelyn*).
London, Elliot Stock, 1898.



R. Gaelyn has one great qualification for his self-imposed tax, viz., a profound reverence not only for Millet the artist but also for Millet the man—a reverence which must impress the most careless of readers. But he has other important qualifications also. His gleanings are the result, he tells us, "of personal recollections; of a long friendship with the great painter's eldest son; of an acquaintance with other members of the family, and with some of his friends and contemporaries; of an intimate knowledge of the land of his birth, of his adopted country, and of that part of Auvergne which furnished him with some of his latest and greatest inspirations; and finally, of a careful study of almost all his works," and in the dedication to the great painter's son, he writes that "if these pages, which I dedicate affectionately to you, reflect somewhat of the sincere emotion that I feel when I think of Millet the man, and Millet the artist; if they serve to correct a few errors that have crept into the works of his biographers; if they throw certain intimate aspects of his great character into stronger relief, and if, finally, they are at times the faithful echo of our talks by the fireside, and in the fields, and in the woods, I

SAINT GEORGE.

shall have attained my end." The latter extract enables us to see very fairly the spirit in which the book is written, and we sincerely congratulate the author upon the result of his labours. He gives us a most vivid picture of a great personality, and tells in a manner which fascinates the reader, the tragic story of his life, with its terrible struggles and disappointments. There is always room for a book of this nature. After reading it we realize more vividly than ever the sublime courage of this marvellous painter, who though "prematurely worn out by ill-health, anxiety, and domestic troubles, nevertheless preserved a most kindly affectionate heart and a noble generous disposition unspoil to the end."

Allegories by Frederic W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1898.

IN this book Dean Farrar has reverted to his earliest ambition in literature, and has given us, in allegorical form, four modern stories. They are, we believe, primarily intended for young people, and the latter will doubtless find them interesting and instructive. We doubt, however, if the form in which these stories are clothed will prove generally popular. Many boys, we fear, will find it too didactic, and would prefer the simple narrative form of *The Three Homes* or *St. Winifred's*. The last allegory in the book, *The Basilisk and the Leopard*, displays that intimate knowledge of school-life which distinguished the author's earlier works. We suppose that most boys know him not as one of the greatest preachers within the English Church, but as the writer of *St. Winifred's* and its companion stories.

Renaud of Montauban: First done into English by William Caxton, and now abridged and re-translated by Robert Steele. London: George Allen, 1897.

WE heartily congratulate Mr. Steele upon the result of his labours in connection with this work. His book is at once a pleasure to read and to handle, and ought to have a wide circulation. Mr. Steele's dedicatory letter to Mr. Walter Crane is a very modest and interesting performance, and sets forth, clearly and well, the grounds for re-telling this old French romance :

This long struggle of patience against power, the attitude of Renaud towards his Lord, give us better than any other romance I know, the ideal view of the relations of a knight to his overlord, and this picture itself would, I think, justify me, if justification were needed, for intruding on the public again with tales of old days.

We must not omit a reference to Mr. Fred Mason's illustrations, which are in every way excellent, and give a very special charm to the book.

The Literary Year Book, 1898: edited by Joseph Jacobs. London: George Allen, 1898.

THE second issue of this year-book appears under the new editorship of Mr. Joseph Jacobs. We consider it a great advance upon the first issue, which left considerable room for improvement, and much of the new matter which is included ought to be of great use to literary men. We notice, however, that the Directory of Societies, although better than last year's, is still a long way from being, in any sense, a complete list, and it loses much of its value from the fact that the addresses of the secretaries are not always given.

SAINT GEORGE.

But *The Literary Year-Book* for 1898 should be obtained by all followers of the Master, if only for the exquisite photogravure reproduction of the latest portrait of John Ruskin, taken by Mr. Hollyer, which appears as a frontispiece to the book.

Bell's Cathedral Series. London: George Bell & Sons.

Exeter : By Percy Addleshaw, B.A.

Oxford : By the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.

Rochester : By G. H. Palmer, B.A.

Chester : By Charles Hiatt.

Salisbury :

Canterbury : By Hartley Withers, B.A.



WE feel in going through these Guides that Messrs. Bell merit the sincere gratitude of all lovers of our great English cathedrals. They are model Guides. This, we believe, is the orthodox expression to apply to all Guide-books, but in this instance it is the simple truth. The several writers are each acknowledged authorities upon their respective subjects, and, in dealing with the architecture and associations of the cathedrals, they do not forget the history of the cities themselves. The series is under the general editorship of Gleeson White and E. F. Strange, and the price of each Guide is 1/6.

REVIEWS.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. London: George Allen.

IT would be difficult to prepare a more attractive edition than this of Hans Andersen. The translation is by H. Oskar Sommer, and Arthur J. Gaskin, of the Birmingham School of Art, supplies some hundred illustrations; and more entirely appropriate and charming illustrations no one could wish for. The book, which runs to 826 pages, is excellently printed, both type and paper being first-class. Remembering what Mr. Ruskin has said respecting the value of fairy tales for the young, we very heartily commend this book.

The Hesperides: A Country Garland of Ten Songs from Herrick.
Set to Music by Joseph S. Moorat. London: George Allen.

IN choosing these songs from Herrick to set to music, Mr. Moorat made a happy choice, as the songs selected are most suitable for this purpose. Of the music itself we cannot speak, but the book is got up in a very pretty and delightful form, with 12 full-page designs, cover, end papers, etc., by Mr. Paul Woodroffe.

PAMPHLETS, etc., RECEIVED.

Interest: Some Thoughts on Money-getting, Borrowing, and Lending,
by William Ridley. Liverpool: Ridley & Co., Venice Chambers. 1/-.

The Heart of a Servant, by J. E. A. Brown. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1/-.

The Review of Reviews, for January, February and March.

NOTES.

OUR FIRST NUMBER.

It is with sincere pleasure and gratitude that we record the enthusiastic welcome with which the first number of *Saint George* has been received throughout the country generally. Three editions were called for, and not only did it receive the generous appreciation of the Press, but the Editor has to acknowledge letters of welcome from all parts of the United Kingdom, and which include messages of goodwill and encouragement from many of the most distinguished exponents of Mr. Ruskin's principles. We are deeply sensible of the kindness of our many correspondents, which will be a great help and inspiration to us in our work.

RECENT ARTICLES ON RUSKIN.

Since the publication of our first number, two magazine articles of interest have appeared. The first was in the January number of the *Review of Reviews*, and was written by Mr. Lucking Tavener. It is an interesting and sympathetic character sketch of Mr. Ruskin, and is fully illustrated. The second article was from the pen of Mr. James Manning Bruce, and appeared in the *Century Magazine* for February. Under the title of "Ruskin as an Oxford Lecturer," Mr. Bruce gives some most interesting and delightful reminiscences of Mr. Ruskin as Slade lecturer at Oxford some twenty years ago. The paper is full of exquisite stories, one of which we cannot resist quoting:—"He had been speaking with approval of unsectarian education—'teach no Church catechism; teach only the Mosaic law and the love of God'—and had commended a recent speech in that vein by Professor Max Müller. Then, after a pause, he began very slowly: 'It is a vice of mine, in the fear of not saying strong things strongly enough, to use a violence of language that takes from their strength; but this is my calm and cool conviction. I tell you, without a note of excitement in my

voice or manner, in language of absolute and tamest moderation, as I stand quietly here with my arms hanging at my sides' (letting his arms fall, and holding them stiffly down) 'unless you teach your children to honour their fathers and mothers, and to love God, and to reverence their king, and to treat with tenderness and take care of kindly all inferior creatures, to regard all things duly, even if they have only the semblance of life, and especially such as God has endowed with the power of giving us pleasure—as flowers—unless you teach your children these things' (by this time the pinioned arms, which had been gradually freeing themselves, were revolving in frantic curves, and the carefully modulated voice had risen till it became a hoarse shriek in the climax) 'you will be educating Frankensteins and demons.'"

THE STONES
OF VENICE.

Our readers will doubtless have noticed with interest that Mr. George Allen has in preparation a new small complete edition of the *Stones of Venice*. As this work cannot at present be obtained in its complete form for less than £4 4s., we have no doubt that the new edition will be warmly welcomed. Mr. Allen hopes to have the first volume ready in July.

THE TIMES
AND
LECTURES ON
LANDSCAPE.

The *Times*, in reviewing Mr. Ruskin's recently published *Lectures on Landscape*, assumed that Mr. W. G. Collingwood was wrong in saying that the lectures were not as public as the rest of Mr. Ruskin's. Mr. Collingwood is, however, quite correct. These lectures were distinctly addressed to the students of the drawing class then newly founded and largely attended, and Mr. Ruskin prefaced the first lecture by a humorous apology for the exclusion of ladies and the public; his reason being that he could not properly shew

SAINT GEORGE.

his very numerous examples of Turner, etc., to a large audience, and he wanted to discuss the working of his scheme in the drawing school with those who were actually concerned in it.

MIDLAND
INSTITUTE
RUSKIN ESSAY
COMPETITION. At the commencement of the Session the Ruskin Society of Birmingham offered a prize to the Midland Institute for the best essay upon *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. I. The competition was open to all *bona-fide* students of the Institute, the object being to encourage the study of Ruskin. At the request of the Council of the Institute, the Rev. A. Jamson Smith, M.A., kindly consented to act as examiner, and on his recommendation the prize has been divided between Mr. Brian Hodgson and Mr. Arnold W. Smith. Both the successful competitors are well known Institute students, the latter having matriculated in the first division at the last examination of the University of London.

ANNUAL
REPORT OF THE
RUSKIN
SOCIETY OF
BIRMINGHAM. The Annual Report of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, which will be issued in a few days, will record the work of a most successful session. The interest and enthusiasm which marked the foundation of the Society remain unabated, and the sphere of its work and influence has been greatly extended during the session now drawing to a close. Its members have cause for congratulation in the powerful position to which it has attained. The annual report can be obtained free, on application to the honorary secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S
GUILD RUSKIN
MUSEUM. We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the Trustees of St. George's Guild are issuing a series of photographs of the examples of Art contained in the Ruskin Museum collection. They com-

prise reproductions of original drawings by Mr. Ruskin himself, and by the artists whom he specially employed for the purpose. The examples will serve either as extra illustrations to *The Principles of Art*, as expounded by Mr. Ruskin, and in which volume they are fully described, or for the purpose of being framed; and they are therefore to be obtained either mounted or unmounted. Mr. Alderman George Baker, J.P., one of the trustees of St. George's Guild, has very generously presented a set of these photographs to the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, and members will have an opportunity of inspecting them at the annual meeting of the Society to be held on the 20th April.

MR. RUSKIN
AND THE
BIRMINGHAM
SOCIETY.

Since the publication of our January number, the following letter has been received from Mrs. Arthur Severn, acknowledging the congratulations of the Birmingham Society, which were forwarded to Mr. Ruskin on the attainment of his 79th birthday in February last:

Brantwood,

Coniston Lake, R.S.O.

Dear Sir,

8th February, 1898.

Mr. Ruskin desires me to thank you very much for your kind letter of congratulation received on his birthday. He feels deeply all you have said, and the expressions of kindness towards himself, and the gratifying manner in which you speak of his work, have made the day very happy for him, and he hopes you will convey to the Council and members of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham what pleasure your letter and their good wishes have given him.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) JOAN RUSKIN SEVERN.

To J. Howard Whitehouse.

SAINT GEORGE.

MODERN MODES OF ADVERTISEMENT. The destruction of natural beauty through an improper and disgraceful mode of advertisement continues unchecked, and would appear to be on the increase. We take the following paragraph from a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle* :

The huge advertisement boards, elevated on posts, which disfigure the fields and woodlands bordering the railways, are bad enough to the æsthetic sense, but there is a worse terror in store—the advertising windmill, a specimen of which is now being erected in a meadow near a North London junction. The windmill is substantially constructed of wood and iron, and is painfully permanent in appearance. Long arms project at convenient elevations from the centre pole, which is about thirty feet in height, and to these are attached highly-coloured advertisement boards, eight or ten feet square, and slightly curved to catch the wind. With the gentlest breeze the whole edifice will revolve, and proclaim to an astonished world the merits of soaps and pills, of infants' foods and hair restorers.

Not yet do we carry out the Creed of Saint George, which says :
“I will strive to guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.”

SAINT GEORGE.

The Journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham.

(The Society of the Rose.)

No. 3. Vol. I.

July, 1898.

ABOVE ST. PAULS.*

"The devil that deceived them. . . . the beast and the false prophet."—

Rev. xi, 10.

"An angel standing in the sun."—*Rev. xix, 17.*

Scene: London in fog. SATAN alights on the Cross of St. Pauls.

Satan.—This fog well instances this people's mind ;
Resisting light, concealing face from face,
Ending good fellowship, and turning men
To timid, helpless crawlers in the dark.
I have not missed my way? Surely I stand
In London's midst? There has been so much change
That memory fails me. Ay, the world grows old,
And I grow with it. I have been the lord
Of seven great empires, sovereign cities seven,
And lesser states and kingdoms past all count.
What wonder that my triumphs are grown stale,
And I forget my gains? In Babylon
I had another London. O ye fools
Who make this city! differing outwardly,
Your hearts are Babylonian; all your deeds

* This piece was written eight or nine years since. I feel that nothing I could write to-day would more truly express the present awful, amazing situation of the nations, who seem now prepared to give to the birds that "great supper of God," foreseen by John; "the flesh of kings and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses and of them that sit thereon, and the flesh of all men."—J. C. K.

SAINT GEORGE.

Were done in Babylon ! And yet, methinks,
I have less pride in Babylon, for there
The gods the people served were base ; but here,
I conquer Christ ! O Thou, mine enemy,
I have dug up Thy sowing : when Thou com'st
A second time to earth, Thou shalt find here
More foes and hate than in Jerusalem !
Where are my servants ? And where, too, am I ?
I hear a noise, like singing, down below.
This is an opera-house—or church—the doubt
Shall not be long ; Hypocrisy is there
If the place be a church. Hypocrisy !

[HYPOCRISY rises through the dome.]

How goes the business that I leave with thee ?
Yes, thou art wearing well ; seem'st at thine ease ;
Less conscious, and not doubtful of thyself !

Hypoc.—Thanks for your praise, not wholly undeserved.
How pleased I am to greet your majesty !
And now, about the rabble down below.
The leaven of thine enemy still works,
But feebly, and, I hope, with its last strength.
These blinded palterers still praise His name,
And are thy faithful servants. His pure truth,
Through the long lapse of centuries, becomes
So veiled with lying and vain words, that light
Is now called darkness ! They have wrenched His word
To sordid meanings that were never His,
And wicked confidence they gain thereby.
Nay more : new enemies to Christ arise
Who hate Him for the deeds of those who feign
Themselves His worshippers. Among these men—
And elsewhere—here and there—'twas always so,—

I do confess, some movement is afoot
That makes not for thee. Fear thou not for this;
Thine ancient powers are stronger than at first.
Authority and priestcraft fight for thee;
Learning and science lean toward thy cause.
The cities, true, grow restless; and the poor,
Driven from their fields, are muttering that the land——

Satan.—I know! 'Twas thus in Rome. Two brothers there,
Once stood up for the foolish people's "rights."
As public robbers were those brethren slain,
And all went well for me. What nation did,
Or shall, escape the grinding of my mill?

Hypoc.—The parallel holds good. The very men
Who now espouse this cause are cried upon
As robbers, godless, breakers of all law!
But I have more to tell. The Usurers
Have been found out. Yet they are much disguised,
And bear new names in these new times; they live
By "interest" now, not "usury"; they "invest,"
Not "lend"; the earth is maddened by their greed.
But fear this not! The sanction of the creeds
Doth buttress property. The poor shall bide
Their tyrants and their sorrows to that end
Of frightful ruin thou hast planned for all!

Satan.—O skilful servant, nothing goes amiss!

[MAMMON lights.]

Ah, here comes Mammon! Mammon, thou art fat,
Lordly,—yet somewhat weak upon thy feet.
Have a good care; thy weight may bring thee down.

SAINT GEORGE.

Mammon.—My business grows a sinecure, my lord,
For men wax mad. With stupid greed they plot
More gain ; and as their god, I cultivate
This style of ease and opulence. I come
From a directors' meeting that has shared
Fifty per cent.—the profits of a mine
Far-off, in Chili, where some thousand souls
For bread and water toil day in day out,
In sweat and sorrow labouring forth the ore.
A fungus-growth of such-like schemes I have,
Whereby my chosen ones grow fat and sleek,
And more and more the people fail with want !
These snares I set are new, and baited so
That all the world is fallen into them.
But while I boast this new way, the old ways
Are not forgotten ; I have kings and lords
Greater than all before them in the earth.
Here in this city reigns a queen whose sway
Semiramis had not ; here centres power
Wider than Rome's ; such riches here are heaped
As Babylon and Rome together lacked !

Satan.—Peace, for the sun shines clearly ! From that orb,
Behold, what dreadful messenger appears ?

[URIEL* alights.]

* "Uriel, regent of the sun." . . . "The same whom John saw standing in the sun,"—*Paradise Lost*.

O radiant being, with all deference
I ask, why this invasion of my realm ?

Uriel.—Nay, not thy realm ! Thou reignest for a time,
But surely as the sun stands over all,
Thine hour shall come ! The God of righteousness

Has not relinquished this poor world. Before
 His throne the souls of her slain saints do cry,
 "How long, O Lord, how long?" The time is short;
 The ruin of this city draweth near,
 And thy last triumph, Satan! The last fruit
 Of thy devices ripens in the earth.
 The nations and their kings are full of wrath,
 Scourged by their own blind sin, yet knowing not
 The hand that smites them. All their hate is turned
 Upon each other; all their strength of men
 Stands ready for the battle! In that war
 The end shall come. Then shall the earth learn peace
 Beneath the sceptre of the Righteous One,
 Whose strong and equal hand shall crush thy sons,
 And give the earth to men of a meek heart!

Satan.—O hell, enlarge thyself! Enlarge thy power
 To equal God's! Nay, be thou strong enough
 To overtop God's strength! For then should night
 No longer alternate with prosperous day
 About the worlds He fosters; but through space
 Hell's sightless, fruitless horrors should prevail!
 The fiery mists whence suns and worlds are spun,
 The ordered realms of perfect light and life,
 Should join in one confusion, weltering,
 Dissolved through space and time! O heart of hate
 That burns within me, what are all thy gains,
 Thy present power, the souls thou giv'st to death,
 Knowing the end that comes—that God will add
 Defeat unto defeat, and give to thee
 No final place in all infinity?
 Hence from the light! Away, ye servants mine!

[SATAN, HYPOCRISY, and MAMMON fly off.]

SAINT GEORGE.

*Uriel (speaking over the city).—Mine ardent primal fires
Burnt out the young world's night,
And thousand thousand shapes of life
Rose to my touch of light.*

*I coursed triumphant when
To creatures of my care,
God stooping, breathed on man, and wrought
His spirit's likeness there.*

*I have yet gifts in store
Waiting their season due:
By me, old things shall pass away,
And all things be made new.*

*A fuller day shall dawn,
The world be newly dight,
And they shall be of perfect heart
Who walk in perfect light.*

John C. Kenworthy.

RUSKIN ON ART AND ETHICS.*

By the Rev. A. Jamson Smith, M.A.



N address intended to open a discussion should be brief, suggestive, and lucid. In this case the difficulty is the lucidity. The subject to be discussed is—"Is Ethics the basis of Aesthetics, or, in plainer English, is Goodness of Character the foundation on which Greatness of Art is built up?" This as a subject is not easy. Also, the method which is to be followed is in the nature of an enquiry, not of a dogmatic statement. Ordinary Englishmen like to arrive at conclusions, but in this address conclusions *will* not, perhaps *can* not, be arrived at. In respect then of lucidity, the address, it is to be feared, will leave much to be desired.

Ruskin is for us here, as members of a Ruskin Society, our acknowledged guide. Now it should be observed, at the outset, that the last word on the part of Ruskin on a subject so difficult as that before us is not always to be found in one or other of his most famous works. The three volumes of "Modern Painters" were published in 1843, 1846 and 1856; the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" was published in 1849; and the two volumes of "Stones of Venice" in 1851 and 1853. Ruskin was born in 1819, so that these great monuments of his genius had all appeared by the time he was thirty-seven years of age. Thus, it is manifest that his ultimate judgment must often be sought in later, but less-known works. This ultimate judgment has been looked for with much care, and it is trusted that the passages cited will be felt to be at once apposite in matter and eloquent in manner.

Thus, in reference to the subject in its application to individuals, probably no passage can be quoted which goes so deeply to the heart of the matter as this from the Oxford Lectures delivered in 1870, when Ruskin was 51 years of age. "Let me assure you

* Abstract of an Address delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 9th March, 1898.

SAINT GEORGE.

once for all that as you grow older, if you enable yourselves to distinguish, by the truth of your own lives, what is true in those of other men, you will gradually perceive that all good has its origin in good, never in evil; that the fact of either literature or painting being truly fine of their kind, whatever their mistaken aim or partial error, is proof of their noble origin; and that, if there is indeed sterling value in the thing done, it has come of sterling value in the soul that did it, however alloyed or defiled by conditions of sin which are sometimes more appalling or more strange than those which all may detect in their own hearts, because they are part of a personality altogether larger than ours, and as far beyond our judgment in its darkness as beyond our following in its light. And it is sufficient warning against what some might dread as the probable effect of such a conviction on your own minds, namely, that you might permit yourselves in the weaknesses which you imagined to be allied to genius, when they took the form of personal temptations; it is surely, I say, sufficient warning against so mean a folly to discern, as you may with little pains, that of all human existences the lives of men of that distorted and tainted nobility of intellect are probably the most miserable."

In this most impressive passage Ruskin has, no doubt, some of the Italian artists of the 15th and 16th centuries in his mind. It shows, as we might be sure would be the case, that Ruskin profoundly acquainted as he was with the histories of those men—men whose vices were sometimes on as large and striking a scale as their abilities—did not argue without qualification that great art was invariably associated with good character, at any rate in the case of the individual.

We are, however, in danger of over-rating the irregular lives of artists just because this particular age—the age of the Renaissance—looms so large before our imaginations. But it is unreasonable to infer that because an epoch which was rich in great artists was an age of general religious and moral laxness—a laxness which

reflected itself in the lives of these artists as children of their age, artists as a class are in all ages more irregular in their lives than other men. Even in that age many an artist escaped the contamination. The impression as to the all-pervading viciousness, if we still need to disabuse ourselves of it, can be corrected by a few hours' perusal of Vasari's charming history of the Italian artists.

It might be argued along more general lines that the artist, by reason of his temperament, usually highly sensitive and emotional, is more exposed to temptation than are his fellow-men, built in more commonplace mould. None could question that there is much truth in this view. Yet such a temperament has, to set off against this, many compensations. The great influence which the Florentine preacher, Savonarola, is supposed to have exercised over both Fra Bartolommeo and Botticelli, we surely should all admit, is no isolated example of the extent to which artists, because thus impressionable, are affected by what is best and noblest in their times. We do not need to be Socialists ourselves to be willing to allow that the modern artist, who is a Socialist, is so because he regards Socialism as one of the most uplifting forces of our own times.

We pass on to the second and more important part of our subject—Goodness of character as the basis of Art, in its application to *nations*. We know with how much skill and care Ruskin has followed this line of thought in his "Stones of Venice," arguing by dint of plentiful illustration that the moral deterioration of the Venetian State brought in its wake its artistic deterioration. He points out that the Renaissance sculptor of the "Judgment of Solomon" angle in the Doge's palace, though freer in design, is far less faithful in workmanship than the earlier sculptors of the Fig and Vine-tree angles. We may add that he demonstrates this to the visitor of Venice who cares to test his statements by personal scrutiny of the three angles. He is, we think, equally conclusive on the subject of the deterioration of the tombs, as we pass from the earlier Gothic to the later Renaissance

SAINT GEORGE.

sculptors. The sentences on the subject of the tomb of Francesco Foscari are well worthy of quotation. "We have to trace the pride of state in its gradual intrusion upon the sepulchre, and the consequent and correlative vanishing of the expressions of religious feeling and heavenly hope, together with the more and more arrogant setting forth of the virtues of the dead. Now this tomb is the largest and most costly we have seen; but its means of religious expression are limited to a single statue of Christ, small, and used merely as a pinnacle at the top. The rest of the composition is as curious as it is vulgar. The conceit, so often noticed as having been borrowed from the Pisan school, of angels withdrawing the curtains of the couch to look down upon the dead was brought forward with increasing prominence by every succeeding sculptor. But as we draw nearer to the Renaissance period we find that the *angels* become of less importance and the *curtains* of more. With the Pisans, the curtains are introduced as a motive for the angels; with the Renaissance sculptors, the angels are introduced as a motive for the curtains, which become every day more huge and elaborate."

Ruskin is, perhaps, in this work, the "Stones of Venice," more convincing than in anything else he ever wrote. The deterioration in the buildings and sculpture which followed on the deterioration in the character of the Venetians he may be said to have demonstrated, if it be allowed that the subject admits of demonstration at all.

When the question of Venetian painting comes under consideration, the difficulty that presents itself is well known to Ruskin as it must be to every student of Venetian history. The famous painters of Venice all lived subsequently to the date (1418) at which Ruskin himself places the commencement of the Fall of Venice. Ruskin is no admirer of the Spanish artists, Ribera and Murillo; he shares, however, the admiration—so common with artists—for Velasquez. But here again, as in the case of Venice, the most *famous* artists (whether truly admirable or not) live after

the times of the best and noblest age of the national history. Indeed it may be said without exaggeration that the greatest art of both Venice and Spain was contemporary with a period of undoubted national decadence.

This difficulty has been met by Mr. Collingwood (*Life of Ruskin*, I. 218) in a passage of much lucidity and suggestiveness. Mr. Ruskin, he tells us, when studying Paolo Veronese's "Queen of Sheba" and other Venetian pictures, "discovered that the mature art (as distinguished from what just before has been described as the art of artlessness) while it appeared at the same time with decay in morals, did not spring from that decay, but was rooted in the virtues of the earlier age. He grasped a clue to the puzzle in the generalization that Art is the product of human happiness; it is contrary to asceticism; it is the expression of pleasure. But when the turning point of national progress is once reached and art is regarded as the laborious incitement to pleasure—no longer the spontaneous blossom and fruit of it—the decay sets in for art as well as for morality. Art, in short, is created *by* pleasure, not *for* pleasure."

The important line of thought here laid down has been followed in other branches of inquiry. Thus, Buckle generalized to the effect that ages of liberty are favourable to literature and ages of despotism adverse. To this generalization the Augustan era in France seems, at first sight, an obvious and grave exception. But Buckle has shown in a most convincing way that, though the literary lives of the many celebrities of that famous age were contemporary with the despotism of Louis XIV, the influence which inspired them belonged to an earlier age of greater freedom and happiness.

We have, perhaps, here found an explanation which may prove of great help to us in lines of inquiry such as we this evening have been following. The "choice and master spirits" of any age—whether in art or in other branches of human activity—are not so much the children of their own age as of that which precedes it.

SAINT GEORGE.

Meantime, it is not claimed that in this line of argument, or in what has preceded it, anything in the nature of conclusion has been reached. If food for thought, if material for discussion, has been provided, the intention of the Address has been fulfilled.

[In the actual Address, what may be called a *locus classicus* from the "Queen of the Air" (*Athena in the Heart*, ad init.) on the subject in its application to nations was appealed to. The passage has been here omitted because it is inconveniently long for the purpose of printed quotation.]

THE IDEA OF BEAUTY.*

By Howard S. Pearson.



THE subject of this paper is, perhaps, far more serious than might at first appear. A writer, who was a keen observer but very little of a philosopher, once said: "There is nothing absolutely necessary here below except bread and sleep." It may be doubted whether anything more untrue was ever stated in clear terms. It is probably the opinion of many who walk on two feet and are classed as men. But it is an open question whether it would even describe the vegetable world. It is quite certain that it would be far from expressing the wants, and therefore the capacities, of the merely animal world. It is a monstrous and mischievous slander on man.

The longing to better what is already good, but only good because it leads to the better—the idea, in fact, of beauty—is inalienable from man. The most savage races possess it as a matter of course, and as a consequence of their humanity. Even in the pre-historic times, when man seems only to have been distinguished from the beasts by his upright position and by his greater powers of mischief, it is manifest. The savage hunter who chased the mammoth and the reindeer in fields where neither they nor he could now live, carved his prey on his prey's own well-picked bones with an accuracy and a success which bear witness to long practice, serious thought, and profound interest in the work. The most savage and uncultured races of the present day all have the idea of beauty, and ornament their weapons and their persons in a manner which, whatever its merit or demerit, makes their object and ideal clear as day. That it is an ideal, is, in fact, its glory. The most grotesque monstrosities, the most flagrant inaccuracies, do not take from it that charm. Wide

* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 23rd February, 1898.

SAINT GEORGE.

astray from the true path, hampered and hindered by gross ignorance and indescribable clumsiness, it is still the way *upward*—the way of man on earth. Men may become so sunken as to be capable of no rational idea of God, they can hardly sink so low as to be blind to His way in the world, which is the way of Beauty.

Of course it is instructive enough to watch how far men have gone astray in the pursuit of what does not fully reveal itself here even to the highest, and is very far indeed beyond the reach of the low. While it is not possible for man to relinquish the pursuit of the beautiful, it is very possible indeed to seek it in a quite mistaken way. The hideous idols of the Mexicans and of the South Sea are by no means the only warning hands in this direction. The stereotyped forms of archaic Egyptian, Greek, and Etrurian sculpture are just as eloquent of error, however successful sometimes and impressive in their wrong way. Nay, that the true path may be gained and lost again, Byzantine and early Italian art only too plainly show. Also, the way may be known in part only, and only incidentally touched. The Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, and Japanese schools of art are proof enough of this. Their limitations are as clear as anything can ever be to an unprejudiced observer. The Anglo-Saxons had a perfect mastery over drapery, but an ignorance of the human form and face which approaches the sublime. The Celts had a power in intricate interlacing of ornament which has never been surpassed, but neither did they at any time pass it. The Japanese can depict animal life with startling truthfulness, but their men and women are wild caricatures and their knowledge of perspective is simply nil. Be that as it may, they had and have always the intention, if not the power; always the aspiration, if not the success.

And yet this seems strange, because men have at all times and in all circumstances had around them the one great fountain and enveloping sea of the beautiful—in nature. In every minutest detail, and even in decay and death, she is perfect. Not a leaf or a twig is ever ungraceful. The grass bewilders by the charm of

its waving sword-blades of emerald. The dew-drop flashes with all the splendour of the diamond; the very road-side puddle reflects the glories of heaven and earth. Even the hidden things of nature, and those which waited long ages for the aid of science to be revealed, are all perfect. The flowers that "blush unseen" on the inaccessible crag are not the less lovely after their kind—the diatoms and foraminifera which only the microscope can reveal are complete in the perfectness of their design. Nor does any variety of form, however bewildering, hinder the result. The poplar springs upward as though it would pierce the heavens; the laurel bursts from the ground a very fountain of exuberant grace; the olive is weird, eccentric, melancholy, and adust; the ivy clings and climbs; the violet and primrose hide. All attain beauty.

Nor does any imaginable variety of circumstance hinder or delay the one end. Contort the earth by some violent convulsion: the snow-clad peaks and awful precipices, the torrents rushing through their self-cut gorges, the pine-clad slopes, the smiling valleys—are the result. Take away all circumstance: the seas and deserts assume the grandeur of illimitable space. Flatten earth and strip it bare: you do but disclose the majestic sweep of the heavens. Rend it with earthquake; you have the beauty of accident: flood it with lava; there is the austere dignity still of desolation and solitude: wrap it in profoundest night; the heart feels, though the eye cannot see; there is always the nobility of solemnity and silence. Everywhere, in everything, always, and under every condition, nature is beautiful. To what conclusion *can* we come, save that she is beautiful by a divine necessity. Wherever she is she is lovely, and she is lovely because she *is*.

At first sight it must needs seem strange and incomprehensible that herein so singular a contrast should exist between the lower creation and man. It is obvious that, so far as beauty is concerned, Nature always hits her mark and never misses. It is even more, and very painfully obvious, that this is by no means the case with us. To man the very idea of beauty is elusive, vague,

SAINT GEORGE.

mysterious, indefinite, intangible. He is perfectly unable even to define it.

It would be an interesting, but scarcely a practical task, to collect the various and innumerable definitions of beauty which philosophers have excogitated. Some of these are sufficiently wild, and many might amuse without much chance of instructing. Suffice it to say that all which show any depth of thought or are in any way suggestive concur in one idea. It is that beauty by no means consists in mere perfection of form or exactitude of copying, but—whatever she may be—is something spiritual, all-comprehending, universal, and, in fact, ideal.

Thus the enigmatic dictum of Plato may be suggestive enough to those who are capable of receiving suggestion from it. "Beauty," he says, "is neither individual nor relative; this or that may be beautiful, but it is not in themselves that they are so, and above all is an *absolute* Beauty which it is that makes them beautiful." So also, after a lapse of many centuries, Victor Cousin says, "It is alone the *conception* of Beauty which can make anything beautiful." Whatever we may think of these definitions, they at least express the great truth that Beauty in its essence is not material at all, but spiritual. Other writers have followed this thought to its natural and inevitable logical conclusion. Thierry says, "Beauty, in its absolute essence, is God." Winckelmann: "The supreme beauty is in God." Mengs describes it as "an imperfect image of the supreme perfection"; Tieck as "one sole and single ray of the heavenly light, decomposed in a thousand ways by passing through the prism of the imagination of different people."

Difficult as all these attempts to define the undefinable and to touch the intangible must needs be, they are not therefore unhelpful. They lead us to ask a very natural question. Why should Beauty, which to nature is natural and inevitable, be to man a mere ideal, the very approach to which is splendidly difficult, while the attainment in full is absurdly impossible.

THE IDEA OF BEAUTY.

The answer is simplicity itself. It is just because Beauty *is* universal. Hence it presents, and must present, very different problems to Nature and to Man. Nature is finite; she can only solve, and therefore is only required to solve, a very simple equation. Man is infinite. It is in the very nature of things that there should always be for him goals which he cannot reach, and problems which he cannot answer. To present the problem of beauty in such terms to nature as it must bear to man would be to require nature to be human. On the other hand, and equally, to make the problem as simple to man as it is to nature would be to lower man to an automaton.

If we admit beauty to be universal—and surely no one with common sense will deny it—then she must necessarily be, and is, simple in the simple and complex in the complex. The beauty of nature is material, physical, easy. The idea of beauty to man is intellectual, moral, difficult. It is true that nature always hits her mark, but it is because she never aims at a mark she is not sure of hitting. The most elementary acquaintance with the nature of man will show that with him the exact converse is the case.

Hence we may see how unjustly discouraging are the criticisms frequently directed against artistic effort. Savage ornament, some people say, is always more successful and perfect than civilized ornament. Possibly so, and possibly not so. In any case the comparison is without meaning. Simplicity is undoubtedly one basis of the beautiful, but it is hard to see how it can be any credit to human art when there was no choice in the matter. It is not inevitableness but choice which is the criterion when man is concerned. If the savage does not err, the reason is not far to seek. It is because he is lower in the scale and cannot. Precisely so, if we see a cat stretched at ease on the hearthrug by the side of her mistress, it would be very easy—and very foolish—to institute comparisons quite unfavourable in artistic respects to the mistress. The cat's attitude is all ease and grace, her dress is absolutely unpeccable in the point of taste. It would be a happy chance in-

SAINT GEORGE.

deed if criticism should glance so easily from the lady; but the cases are entirely different. The cat's attire is inherited, tried, and perfected by ages of use, natural and involuntary. The lady's is the result of thought; intelligent and *therefore* liable to err. It is childish to compare the two to the disadvantage of human taste. Nature is a machine, moving in a groove whence it cannot stir and wherein it cannot err. Art is an arrow, very capable indeed of missing its mark, but open to applause when it hits it and interesting even when it fails.

It is indeed very possible that the perfectly beautiful will only be attained when we obey as implicitly as nature. But even then the obedience will be of a very different and more diversified kind. Disciplined free-will and inevitable submission are two very dissimilar things indeed, and to suppose that man can ever understand or attain beauty by nature's way is to show very little respect for human nature and still less for common sense.

But this brings us to the more practical part of our subject. There is a sense in which it may be said that the beauty of nature is no concern at all of ours. She is indeed the inimitable and illimitable storehouse of beautiful form; but her way can never be our way, any more than we can suppose her puzzled by doubts and problems as we are. What amazing efforts we put forth in pursuit of the beautiful! How many schools of art and private teachers are constantly at work in training artists. Five thousand nine hundred and seventy students are said to have issued in a single year from these academies, and each with some ambition and some hope. Every large town maintains its exhibitions to display their work, and every exhibition turns away its crowd of disappointed competitors, while criticisms, periodicals, manuals, and reproductions pour from the press in one incessant torrent. Obviously this effort is not on behalf of nature. Her beauty we touch only to mar, and our alterations are of a kind only to be defended on grounds of expediency and necessity. It must then be human art and beauty, as it lies within human grasp, that we

are so energetically striving to foster ; and, this being the case, it must certainly seem strange that the cities in which we live should appear to profit so little from the labour. The real mission of art cannot possibly be merely to cover the walls of our exhibition rooms, or any other rooms. It should be more reasonably sought for within the walls of the streets and suburban roads in which we necessarily live. And if it is not to be found here, the presumption must be that there is something very wrong somewhere. An art which does not at least try, in the face of many and admitted difficulties, to make our own cities beautiful, will stand a very fair chance of being regarded by the eyes of posterity as no art at all.

I imagine that the first and ever-present obstacle has been that of despair. The soil seems sometimes so barren that we have no heart to sow the seed. "God made the country and man made the town" is a very common and favourite quotation. Surely God made both ; but He made them subject to very different conditions. The country He committed to perfectly unintelligent and strictly ordered agencies. The town He consigned to a free-will which involves artistic and even moral responsibilities. That the former is always beautiful involves no credit to any intelligence concerned, for there is none. When the latter is beautiful there is something right, and when it is unbeautiful something wrong, which in either case is our concern. It is God's business to do God's work. It is ours to do ours. Hence the problem assumes a practicalness of which the mere contemplation of natural perfection must always be devoid.

But with the difficulty of the problem the interest and the opportunity increase. Certainly it is much harder for us to achieve success in our work, but also the aim is a higher one. Indeed, apart from human intelligence, it is not easy to say what is meant by beauty at all. Few doubt that there are higher beings moving on a more exalted plane of life. But we can never be sure that they see with our eyes, and still less can we be satisfied that we see with theirs. So far as we are concerned it is demonstrable

SAINT GEORGE.

that colour, form, and sound are merely human and subjective sensations. Colour can be no more than a mere imaginative fancy to the blind. Sound has no existence whatever for the deaf. Neither the one nor the other have any charm except to the understanding. To imagine even perfect beauty with no senses capable of receiving it, is to imagine what is really unimaginable. How should it be beauty unless it can be perceived? The beautiful is therefore, so far as our knowledge can possibly extend, a purely human concern. How it may present itself to other and higher capacities is a speculation as vague as the notions the blind may form of the appearance of nature to those who can see. Within the limits of our understanding beauty was created for *us*. To *us* it appeals, *us* it educates, and it is *our* concern. No suggestions therefore, however crude, can be out of place if they affirm and are based upon the natural instinct and duty of man to add charm to his surroundings. Those which follow have no claim to either profundity or novelty. They are quite commonplace, but it will scarcely be argued that the progress of the world in this matter has as yet reduced them to commonplaces.

The idea of beauty from this practical point of view seems to require then: (1) the union of nature and art. Without some human inhabitation and alteration, Nature herself, however beautiful, is always profoundly melancholy. She seems, in fact, objectless as well as empty, and every picture of an unbroken solitude will prove this at a glance. On the other hand, man's work, when dissociated as far as possible from nature, always seems harder and less lovely. No artist would paint, except upon compulsion, a spick-and-span new house, however perfect, void of weather stains and naked of foliage. In the same way there is no street-scene, however dingy, which would not at once acquire charm from the presence of a single tree. It would be needless to dwell upon the effect of the London parks, of the gardens in the squares, of even the gay window boxes in the fashionable quarters, or of the trees in our own suburban roads. The thing is too obvious, and we

have here probably the very simplest and surest way of hiding our mistakes and enhancing our successes. Yet a glance will show that we have not utilised the thousandth part of our opportunities in this respect; and remembrance of some continental cities will surely enforce a very painful comparison with our own. There is no need to dwell on a point so clear, or to instance particular examples. Our own city is, perhaps, somewhat eminent as regards its efforts in this direction; but there remains much more to be done, and it is our business, as it would be our profit, to do it.

(2) In man's work, at least, beauty depends largely upon permanence. Beauty is ideal, not tangible, and it has a tendency slowly to settle even upon the most sordid objects—provided it has the opportunity. Antiquity boasts a charm largely independent of value of material or perfection of art, and the mind must be dull indeed which feels no touch of sympathy at the sight of even the veriest hovel which has sheltered generation after generation. When these associations are linked together by a connected history the charm becomes irresistible, and it may be safely said that no house which has been for long years the home of a single family ever was, or ever could be, ugly in the eyes of those who know its story.

The charm of such an association is perhaps becoming less and less possible. Steam has shattered many a link, and our roving habits preclude the hope that very prolonged family memories can attach to our town houses. But the memories might be at least long human memories, and one source of beauty is irrevocably closed to houses which are nicely calculated to tumble to pieces at the end of a short lease. Some things ripen with age and some sour. Brick and stone are among the former; flimsy plaster, scamped and shabby wood-work, and materials dependent even for decency upon successive coats of paint which may or may not be vouchsafed, are distinctly among the latter. Whatever the design, a building flagrant in crumbling cement and peeling paint is a leper among houses. No beauty can ever come to it; all associations must be saddened by it. Honest brick would have mel-

lowed and cost nothing in the process. Half our buildings are meretricious falsehoods, at the best only waiting until money for paint and powder fails to reveal age hideous. It may be as well to say here that the idea of moral integrity in the question of building materials is to many an amazingly silly one. It is the scoffers who are silly. Unless honesty be a merely social convention it must be a universal obligation—one or the other. Laws of God are not to be clipped here and bent there, held binding in one place and set aside by local authorities somewhere else. Right is right and wrong is wrong, always and everywhere; and many a loathsome edifice become abominable instead of venerable by age, may testify that a lie is always a lie, whatever we may think, and always ugly too.

In this connection it will be apparent why the old should never be destroyed without consideration. "The old order changes, giving place to new," and it must be so. No one would be so unreasonable as to expect that each generation should not possess the world for its own convenience and purposes. At the same time association always claims respect. If local governing bodies only knew the pain they cause and the absolute hatred they evoke by changes which are sometimes only for the sake of change, they would stay their hands. It is a wanton wrong to disturb anything, the removal of which will touch someone's heartstrings, without good or valid reason. We are not always apt judges on the point of sentiment. It is very much easier to remember the law of charity.

(3) The idea of beauty implies individuality. No doubt there is danger here, as there is in all our liberties. But individuality is none the less essential to success in any art, and it is in danger of being simply extirpated from our midst by the extraordinary virulence of much of our art criticism. Architecture would seem especially to suffer from this plague. When we are told that lamp-posts are insufferable, and that terra-cotta and plate-glass are alike impossible to true architecture, we begin to entertain

doubts as to the very sanity of criticism. Is architecture then an art in the service of man? or is it only a thing to be talked about in lectures, or discoursed upon in illustrated periodicals? If the tastes we fondly hope we possess are to be discarded simply because they are not somebody else's tastes, at least some consideration might be entertained for our circumstances, which we cannot help. Yet the dicta above quoted have been deliberately advanced, although a moment's thought would have shown them to be utterly inconsistent with the existing conditions of town life. We are often asking when we may expect a new departure in architecture. The answer can only be "when we have a liberality in criticism which will admit of it." We do not say that architectural criticism is more savage than any other form of artistic criticism. That might be difficult. But we do say it is more baneful. If an artist has painted a picture which, rightly or wrongly, has been killed by severe criticism, it is no hard matter to bury it. To turn it with its face to the wall costs nothing, and the frame can always be used again. To the architect the matter is not so simple. Work of his against which a prejudice has been raised by criticism, just or unjust, remains a standing hindrance to his progress. Hence for every blunder in a new direction in this art, we can point to five hundred eyesores which excuse themselves on the ground that there is nothing new in them. The ornament may have meant something five or fifteen centuries ago. At least it has the dignity of age, and the youngest apprentice can copy it with facility. Best of all, every critic has probably himself used it. Nothing is so safe as safety, and the average architect may at least boast that the stigma of original sin does not apply to him.

(4) The idea of beauty requires training. It is instinctive, but it is not compulsory; and it is as liable as any other instinct to take the wrong turning. To claim that it is human, is at once to say that it needs educating. In this direction one would gratefully acknowledge that much has of late been done. But perhaps

SAINT GEORGE.

some of it has only been well *half-done*. We need to remind ourselves that neither libraries nor art galleries are education. They are tools, not skill: weapons, not war. Without lectures illustrations, explanations; the guiding hand in fact; their effect in the direction of culture and happiness may be very limited indeed. It cannot possibly be enough to afford the mass of mankind the mere opportunity of seeing the beautiful. Unless they are taught why it is beautiful they remain utterly unimpressed or impressed only by vague and barren wonder. What a strange idea it is that people should be supposed capable of being taught by what they do not understand. Is it imaginable that the Hebrew Scriptures or the Iliad in the original (or, for the matter of that, out of it) could beneficially effect an average lad fresh from a board-school? To be cured of this curious superstition we should go to an art gallery at holiday time, and overhear the extremely artless remarks of the public on "high art." Truly a public collection should contain the best, but if we provide the summit and extol the view, we should surely see that steps are cut to render it accessible. Quite enough has been said about the people who do not understand art. It is time we took into consideration art which does not understand the people. And to put the matter in its simplest form, it should be clear as daylight that if art professes to elevate, it should condescend to educate. No other way has ever even been dreamed of in any other branch of human effort, and no other way is imaginable here. That an artist is at liberty to address only the *élite*, goes without saying. But having done so, he has no right whatever to complain because he is the subject of public neglect, for the public can never be the *élite*. And moreover, to speak candidly, one would generally have thought better, as well as more hopefully of him, had his sympathies been with the many. A lofty aim is not quite synonymous with shooting over peoples' heads, and for an art which can only be appreciated by artists, it is not too much to expect that artists alone should pay.

THE IDEA OF BEAUTY.

(5) I do not myself believe that there is the slightest chance of the beautiful becoming really appreciated without a very marked advance in *refinement*. The present age is threatened by many dangers; though I do not know that they are more or more ominous than before. Only they are our dangers, and cannot be regarded with the same philosophic complacency as those which threatened medieval Europe or Shakespeare's England. Among these, pessimism, materialism and realism are prominent enough, and absolutely fatal even to the very notion of beauty. But I imagine that our most pressing danger just now arises from vulgarity. I do not mean by this, an ignorance of the conventions of society, a transposition of H's, a debility in spelling, a provincial twang, or any such simple matter. These things may be corrected if taken sufficiently young, or, if not, may be condoned; for they are perfectly consistent with goodness of heart and true refinement of mind; though they are always a pity. I mean a prevalent lowness of mind which is always satisfied with mean things and has no conception at all of an ideal. Nowhere is one confronted with so hopeless, so heart-breaking an obstacle as this. A limp soul may be trained, and an empty soul may be filled, but what can be done with a soul already stiffened to crawl along the ground, and already filled—with rubbish? Unsatisfaction may always possibly be satisfied and hopelessness has an immediate claim on pity, which is itself a hope. But what of those whose souls are perfectly satisfied already with a slang joke, and whose hopes may always be found, and lost, in the columns of a sporting paper? I do not see how anyone who cares for culture in any shape or form can approach this problem without dismay. I have not the vanity to imagine that I can suggest a cure. Only I would pray all those who have any influence over the young, and especially all those who command the vital and momentous force of national education, for heaven's sake to see that opening minds are taught *something* unpractical. Let at least a window be opened through which the invisible free air may enter; knock at any rate a

SAINT GEORGE.

hole in the roof through which the stars may perchance appear. Unless humanity is to be regarded as a mere machine, an education merely practical is an education absolutely un-practical. To starve the soul to feed the body is a simply fatal economy.

(6) Finally I should say that not the least requisite for the idea of beauty is, in its widest sense, charity. Not that limited, but beautiful form, which takes shape in subscriptions or private gifts and helps only material distress by material means. Of this, and one would thank God for it, there is no marked lack. But it is not the only good, or even the highest good. Some kindly consideration should surely be given to other than merely material wants, and it is idle to subscribe to schools of art with one hand and to destroy the beautiful with both. It is a pitiable thing to see how, as our great towns spread, they eat like an ulcer into the innocent and wholesome country. To possess railway or canal facilities is practically fatal to any sequestered village or quiet suburb. What matters the result to those who only care to consider that cheapness of agricultural land and ready access to a market are advantageous for the starting of a new factory? There may be no workmens' houses near. The conditions which help the new venture may add the toil of miles of walking to the day's labour, as anyone who traverses our suburbs at evening, may see with their own eyes. The houses, when they come, may be erected under the rule of some feeble or inefficient rural authority, and may be fever dens in embryo. The homes of former residents may be made unendurable by foul air, and worse. The great centres on which these enterprises really depend may be burdened with their burdens, while they receive none of their support. What matters all this, when a new commercial enterprise can be started with a prospect of earning dividends for the shareholders, or, at least, of putting money into the pockets of the promoters?

It is not of such stuff as this that Beauty, earthly or heavenly, can be made. Unless the law of charity is but a ragged patchwork, operative here and absent there, a needless destruction of

THE IDEA OF BEAUTY

the beautiful is as indefensible as it is mischievous. No one supposes that the world can stand still. As population increases, houses must multiply, and as natural wealth is discovered it must be worked. But this is a very different thing from the planting of factories in districts where they are malevolent instead of in districts where they would have been beneficent—all for the benefit of the planter. As little as any man can object to a change which is for the good of the greater number, so little has any man the right to offend others for his own gain or convenience merely. Deliberately to put up a building or an advertisement so as to be an eyesore to all who pass, whatever the private gain or economy, is to exhibit utter selfishness in one of its most flagrant and insolent forms. Into the ethical part of the question, although personally I believe it to be the more important, I will not enter. I will simply say that to expect the less educated classes to become refined under such conditions, or to imagine that art schools or art galleries will correct the evil, is utter folly.

At the end one pauses to ask whether all this is “worth the while.” Is the Idea of Beauty so necessary a thing that we should alter our ways, spend our money, and sacrifice some immediate convenience or benefit to foster it? That is a very reasonable question. To answer it, however, would far surpass the limits of the present paper, and to most of those who would care to read it the answer would probably be instinctive. I will only say one thing. The association of beauty with duty is manifestly God’s way; and therefore, I presume, it ought to be ours. In other words, it is God’s will; and I believe it could be as clearly proved to be His will that we should appreciate and foster beauty as that we should follow righteousness, not because they are for a moment to be imagined equal, but because the greater and the lesser are inseparably joined.

As to the fulfilment of this end or object in human nature, I expect no sudden change. I have, indeed, an absolute contempt for each and all of those grand schemes which aim at regenerating

SAINT GEORGE.

mankind at a single touch. These schemes forget that all real progress is internal and slow. Health and beauty grow. Only disease and catastrophe are sudden. To suppose that by some hurried conversion of the human mind our cities will become lovely and their inhabitants peaceable, refined and happy; is, to my mind, to suppose a chimera wilder than ever entered into any heraldic dream. But I suppose that one should think; and that even the grimmest materialism might sometimes reflect that the gain of the profit of the moment cannot really be quite all.

And when one thinks that in all God's creation there is no single work which cannot satisfy the intelligence and touch the artistic instinct, one naturally begins to think a little farther. Seen or unseen, topmost leaf of a tree, or diatom sunk in Atlantic depths, or crystal of unregarded dust, solitude of sea or desert or innermost recess of virgin forest, birds, beasts and reptiles, familiar or barely known—all, in their way, are beautiful. As "God, of a beautiful necessity, is love," even so God's work of a beautiful necessity is beauty. Surely all this has *some* meaning. I do not in the least imagine that beauty—that is, visible beauty—is the end. I do not even imagine it to be the means. I suppose it to be merely a sign of the right way. I think that Heaven is not Heaven because it is beautiful, but that it is beautiful because it is Heaven.

It seems to me that all I have been saying is, after all, only the suggestion that some of the most elementary of all truths would prove none the less attractive or real in an artistic dress. It comes back at last to Faith, Hope and Charity, the sisters whose help we have inevitably to invoke if we are in earnest in trying to help our fellow man. If we had more faith we should surely have less greed. We should learn content and simplicity. We should learn that all true pleasures are very simple and very easy, and our ostentation, with its carking cares, would give place to a pleasure not less—but more—but easier attained, freer, and harmful to none. From faith would grow hope; we should see God more

clearly as the All Father who is perfect love. We should acknowledge that there was more good than ill in every lot. We should admit that of the misery that is in the world right little was of any but the plainest earthly making. From hope would grow charity; and the pessimism which is now so rife, but which is the very antipodes of charity, would die a natural and unwept death. No longer would vulgarity tempt to a mean wealth content to be founded on sweating and sharpening. No longer would men be satisfied to live in idle luxury, a superior kind of swine in a gilded sty. All would work, because there is no way to art or refinement but by work. All would be happy in work, because there is no other road to happiness. The ignorant would be willing to learn, and the taught would be proud to teach.

It is a fair prospect, but it is afar off. Yes, very far, or I should mistrust it sorely. It is a way slow, up-hill, hard to travel, hedged with difficulties, sown with thorns, barred by obstacles. It is, in fact, the way of culture, which causes the wilderness to blossom as the rose indeed, but not as the harvest of a year. Still, if it be the right way, it will be bordered with flowers, it will be vivified by the breath of spring, it will be lit by the light of an undying hope. Nor does its steepness concern us. That it should be the right road and that we should be on it are alone our business. Happy is that hope which promises nothing except to patience, perseverance, and faith. It is the more likely to keep its promises. To purify leisure from all temptation to idle, vulgar, and vicious pleasure; to provide for the union in lawful wedlock of art and common life; are not by any means ends of easy attainment. But they are worth the trouble. Every effort lays a foundation stone which will help in good time to support some Utopia not built of cloud and fog, but real. Every step taken in comradeship along the right way melts the accursed enmity of classes and promotes the true solidarity of nations. Dreams are easy, and cheap. They cost, indeed, sometimes almost as little as they are worth. To endeavour to bring into the life of man that which is

SAINT GEORGE.

common, universal, and inevitable in the life of nature, is no dream. It is an object worthy of the intellect and satisfying to the heart. Its way may be hard, but its reward is sure; and I depreciate no honest social effort in any other direction when I boldly claim for the object of a society such as this a basis more assured and a hope more fair.

SAINT GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

By Rev. J. Hudson, M.A.

The sons of Erin's Emerald Isle
Saint Patrick's name revere,
The bright green shamrock petals smile
To Irish hearts so dear !

And all along fair Scotia's coast
The thistle groweth gay ;
Their Patron Saint men proudly toast,
And love Saint Andrew's day.

And "gallant little Wales " doth wear
Its humble homely leek,
And dauntless David's memory ne'er
Forgets to duly keep.

Shall Albion's glorious land be slow
The meed of praise to pay
To her great George who long ago
The dragon dire did slay ?

Still bloom as erst her roses fair,
Her sons are good and true ;
And every heart that beateth there
Is brave to dare and do !

While other patriots proudly keep
Their nation's festive day,
Why should Saint George's memory sleep
To cold neglect a prey ?

SAINT GEORGE.

He stands the hero of romance,
Pure, knightly, brave, and strong,
Transfixing foes with trusty lance,
Avenging deeds of wrong.

And other foes as foul to-day
Demand a champion's arm,
Wrongs to redress, and dragons slay
That watch to work us harm.

Dragons of cruelty and shame,
Dragons of base deceit,—
Who follows in Saint George's name
To tread them 'neath our feet?

If thus old England fearlessly
Her course of duty runs,
Her "sons of hero-sires" shall be
The sires of hero sons.

THE MAY QUEEN FESTIVAL AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE.

By the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe.



R. RUSKIN, in *Sesame and Lilies*, says that all girls can be queens, "Queens to their lovers, to their husbands, and to their sons in years to come," and that they can all "reign supreme in the hearts of some by the dignity of the highest of all their gifts, their womanhood." And, every year, by his munificence, one of the students of Whitelands College, if she "reign supreme in the hearts" of her companions, can perform the queenly function of distributing to them a complete set of his works.

For eighteen years, the Master, as he is called, has thus endowed a queen at Whitelands, and when their training is finished, many of the students of the College, each in her own school, endeavours to implant in her pupils a love of the beautiful, and strives to increase their happiness, by establishing a May Queen Festival. Whitelands, as a building, facing the King's Road, is not particularly beautiful externally, but within its walls numerous evidences of Mr. Ruskin's favour and beneficence may be seen in art treasures; and pictures and books show how much of his teaching can be interwoven with the somewhat arduous task of obtaining a teacher's certificate. But on May Day, certificates and teaching and books, except those of Mr. Ruskin, are forgotten.

The day begins with a short service in the lovely little College Chapel, and that individual would be indeed dull of soul who could be unmoved on such an occasion. A procession of white-robed, ivy-crowned girls slowly makes its way along the cloisters, and fresh young voices are uplifted in praise "For all God's love and goodness, so bountiful and free." They take their places and join the service for the Festival of St. Philip and St. James, while some of the noble women saints of Christendom seem to regard

SAINT GEORGE

them from the stained glass windows above. Special prayer is offered and thanksgiving made for the giver of the day's pleasure, "who is now God's aged servant and needs the prayers and the love of the young." The Benediction pronounced, the worshippers again form a procession, and pass round the grounds, happy if the sun will deign to shed his radiance upon them, for he is often coy at ten o'clock on May morning.

They next assemble in the largest room in the College, changed beyond recognition from its every-day aspect of desk and ink and blackboard, and gay with floral garlands, royal daïs, and May pole, promising terpsichorean revels.

Last year's queen then abdicates, after making her farewell speech to her loving and loyal subjects, whom she thanks for a happy and joyous reign. Her faded crown is replaced by one of forget-me-nots, and she retires to join a bevy of fair women who have all been chosen Ruskin May Queen in former years, and who have attended to do honour to the new queen.

A silent ballot follows, and the name of the elected queen, "the likeablest and loveablest" girl is announced amid the hearty applause of all her companions. She leaves the room, accompanied by three or four fellow students or maids of honour, one of whose duties it is to act as her councillors in deciding who shall be the fortunate recipients of the purple calf and gilt or vellum bound volumes of Mr. Ruskin's works, nearly sixty in number.

Meanwhile the few favoured visitors are entertained with music and dancing, and the students listen to an address from the Principal, who usually chooses for his text some suitable maxim or teaching of Mr. Ruskin. This year he read an account of a former May Festival from Sizeramie's *Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté*."

By this time the queen is ready, and her subjects hasten to arrange themselves to welcome her in a fitting manner. She is preceded by a "body guard" of the tallest girls bearing wands of office rosy with apple blossom and gay with streamers of ribbon.

THE MAY QUEEN FESTIVAL.

She looks most regal and gracious, having donned the generous gift of her companions, a trailing robe of white silk with a coloured lining. The queen's gown, as well as the simple dresses worn by all the students, varies in style every year, being specially designed by Miss Stanley, the Head Governess, whose teaching of and success in needlework Mr. Ruskin has highly praised in one volume of his Fors.

She is crowned with a wreath of apple blossom, while both bodice and train are ornamented with clusters of it, and she carries a bouquet of the same flowers. She is followed by her court, which includes her maids of honour, all former queens, and her gift bearers laden with books. One girl bears on a cushion a velvet case of royal blue, containing an exquisitely wrought gold cross, designed from hawthorne blossom by Mr. Arthur Severn, with a necklet of the same costly metal, the special gift of the Master to the May Queen. The body guard form an arch with their wands, under which all her subjects pass in procession to make their obeisance to her as she stands in front of her throne. This ended, the body guard take their places behind her, and the maids of honour group themselves around her.

Some lady of rank or position, known to Mr. Ruskin, then proceeds to clasp the chain with its pendant cross round her May Majesty's neck.

The Duchess of Albany, the Princess of Saxe-Weimar, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Bishop of London, Miss Kate Greenaway, Miss Lily Severn, and some others, have each in turn so honoured the Festival. The May Queen also receives from Mr. Ruskin his *Queen of the Air*, bound in purple and gold, and the Reverend Gerald Blunt, Rector of Chelsea, presents her with a bouquet of choice flowers. This is followed by a musical chorus, enthusiastically sung, in which the students from time to time repeat, "was never such a May Day, never, never such a queen."

The May pole dance, arranged in graceful and varied figures,

SAINT GEORGE.

by the juniors, and a more stately dance by the seniors, form a prelude to the distribution of the books. In this arduous task the queen is assisted by the Principal, who acts for the time being as her Prime Minister.

Such reasons as the following are assigned for the Royal gifts :

Munera Pulveris, "because she knows how to hold her tongue;" *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, "because she speaks no slander—no, nor listens to it;" *Sesame and Lilies*, "because she is faithful to Whitelands;" *Architecture and Painting*, "because by being faithful to her College she does not mean giving it her second best;" *Fors Clavigera*, vol. viii., "because she always does her best—at least nearly always;" *Ulric the Farm-servant*, "because she loves the chapel;" *Val d'Arno*, "because she is open-hearted, true, and pure;" *Sesame and Lilies*, "because she is well to look at—thrifty, too, beyond her years;" *The Eagle's Nest*, "because she has courage to endure and to obey;" *Deucalion*, "because she is not ashamed to do as she is told by those in authority over her;" *Storm Cloud*, "because she is so light of foot and so light of spirit;" *Modern Painters*, "because she is rich in saving common-sense;" *The Eagle's Nest*, "because she knows the right and does it;" *Ethics of the Dust*, "because she has an honest and good heart;" *Fors Clavigera*, vol. iv., "because she knows and shows that modest humility is Beauty's crown;" *The Two Paths*, "because she thinks, 'tis not to live to live for self alone'"; *The Laws of Fêsole*, "because she agrees with Portia that 'a good deed shines like a lamp in a naughty world'"; *Fors Clavigera*, vol. ii., "because she knows that power hath not half the might of gentleness;" *On the Old Road*, "because she knows that three words said with charity are better than three thousand with witty disdain;" *Poems*, "because she loves children;" *Ariadne Florentina*, "because she has patience, which ornaments a woman and in every age is beautiful;" *Fors Clavigera*, vol. iii., "because she thinks there's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

Her May Majesty makes the first Royal Proclamation in an-


THE MAY QUEEN FESTIVAL.

nouncing a holiday for the rest of the day. She commands her subjects to distribute the flowers used in the decorations to the neighbouring hospitals, and requests their presence for dancing in the evening.

The singing of the National Anthem brings to a close a very bright and happy festival, and the afternoon and evening are spent in obedience to the Queen's command.

REVIEWS.

Lectures on Landscape: delivered at Oxford, in Lent Term, 1871, by John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D., Slade Professor of Fine Art. With twenty-two plates. London: George Allen, 1897.

HE appearance of any lectures by Mr. Ruskin for the first time, is now, of course, something to be warmly welcomed. Although there may be a lurking wonder why, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, they have not been published before, the reason of the difficulty of rendering the illustrations adequately does not apply to the present issue, seeing that the plates are far less satisfactory than would have been the case long ago; moreover, they do not, by any means, serve to furnish proper illustration to the text of the lectures. It is a matter for great regret, indeed, that such surprisingly bad work should now be allowed to pass in connection with Mr. Ruskin's admirable lectures, which would have been far better issued in a handier form without them. Of the twenty-two subjects included, only five are published for really the first time, most of the others having appeared, either as previous illustrations to Mr. Ruskin's various works, or in other well-known connections; and in every case incomparably better in quality. No less than seven are reproduced, *very* badly, from Turner's *Liber Studiorum*; the St. Gothard subject has appeared partially twice before, in better form, in *Modern Painters*, as have also the Purist Landscape of Raphael, and the Dragon etching after Turner. The latter is entirely worn out, and instead of it we ought to have had either the Michael Angelo dragon, or Carpaccio's, or both, which are described in comparison with it. Similarly, the Scarborough plate has been used repeatedly in the various editions of *The Harbours of England*, and, if required at all, would have been infinitely better in the excellent chromo-lithographic

form issued by Messrs. Rowney & Co. The Lippi *Madonna* again, very dirty in colour, was published separately by Mr. Ruskin, as well as appearing in *Fors Clavigera*, to better advantage; and the Gneiss Rock study by Mr. Ruskin has been also published before, both in Mr. E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, and larger still, separately. Both the wood-cuts in the text are also reprinted from former works. The delightfully delicate drawing of Egglestone Abbey is a complete travesty of the original, and is infinitely better in the Fine Art Society's reproduction of the engraving in Mr. Ruskin's well-known catalogue of the Turner Exhibition in 1878. The same may be said of the "Vesuvius in Eruption," the "Dudley" and "Flint Castle," all after Turner, which, as reproductions in colour, are almost as bad as those in Thornbury's *Life of Turner*. The un-Turnerian blue colour of the "Vesuvius in Repose" is little better, and the only redeeming feature is its novelty. The four other new subjects are the unfinished Portrait of a Lady by Reynolds; Burne-Jones's "Psyche received into Heaven"; "L'Aiguillette," after Turner; and the same artist's study of Swans, which, if not published elsewhere, is useless without the foil of De Wit's study with which it is contrasted. There is, indeed, no objection to the repetition of illustrations, especially if they be produced *better* than previously, when required: but it is more than disappointing when they are otherwise, and when they take the place of other plates which are more necessary. For instance, we need here in the place of "Eggleston Abbey," Turner's "Wreck of an Indiaman," or his Cloud Study in blue and white, referred to in the text; instead of the Dumblane, we want to know what the Park Scene is like; and, among numerous other subjects described, but not known to the reader, at least the Botticelli background (p. 22), the portrait of a Lady by Holbein (p. 29), the "Peter Martyr" of Bellini (pp. 22 and 73), the Dover View by Turner (p. 35), the "Juno and Argus" by Rubens (p. 45), the Nativity by Tintoretto (p. 47), that by Botticelli (p. 51), and Mr. Ruskin's

SAINT GEORGE.

own studies of Carpaccio's Parrot (p. 61), and Lizard signature (p. 62).

It is sincerely to be hoped that another edition may fulfil these requirements with greater satisfaction to those who can then enjoy the text.

The Art of England and the Pleasures of England: Lectures given in Oxford in 1883-1885 by John Ruskin, D.C.L., L.L.D., etc.
New edition in small form. London: George Allen, 1898.

IT is, indeed, most satisfactory that these two series of lectures should be re-issued in perhaps a more handy form; but why they should have been published under one cover with an index in the middle of the book is very strange, considering that the subjects dealt with are in no way connected with each other. The first series, delivered in 1883, included as its topic some special phases of current or recent English Art; while the second series dealt, a year later, with certain phases of English History, from the time of Bertha to that of Elizabeth. It is scarcely necessary at this time to repeat any account of these lectures which have become generally well known, and it is, therefore, only the form of their publication with which we are concerned.

In this respect we regret to find much cause for both disappointment and disapproval. In the first place, the reduction in the size of type and page together, freely admitted of the same quantity of text on each page, which would have rendered the same index and—what is of chief importance always—any literary references to the volumes applicable to either edition. But the only actual difference between the two editions consists in the paragraphs being now numbered, and the index references are in consequence most awkward, being to the paragraphs instead of to the pages.

In all other respects the text is practically no more than a reprint, without proper editing, or any explanations of what is frequently obscure; while even the mistakes that were made in the original edition remain uncorrected. Thus: Sir Joshua Reynold's picture of Lord Heathfield is very carelessly indexed under *Gainsborough* as *Miss Heathfield*, Sir Herbert Edwardes as *Sir Henry Edwardes*, Cozens as *Cousins*, H. W. B. Davis as *W. B. Davis*, and W. B. Richmond as *Prof. W. Richmond*. Again, Giorgione's famous altar-piece at Castel-Franco is given in the first index as at Florence, while in the second it is gratuitously called a "fresco," and the pictures by Tintoret and Turner stated in the index to have been given *to* the author, were of course, given *by* him. But this is not all; errors in understanding, such as even a schoolboy would hardly make, are introduced as if with a view to hold the author up to ridicule. For instance, "*Microscope (!) use of the, in seeing art, 117-18,*" should be *Magnifying-glass*, as in the text. Similarly, it would naturally be inferred from "*Oxford, Magdalen Bridge widened*" that Mr. Ruskin had referred to an actual widening of the bridge in question, instead of describing it to the students in a fine paragraph as a Magdalen broad-way, where there was formerly a ford such as that crossed by St. Christopher. In an index which might be even more ample, we do not need the following references respecting the author: "*His feelings not talked of by him,*" "*cannot express all he sees,*" "*Author's love of sunshine inexpressible,*" and of "*his manners as a critic,*" or "*lectures of, his gestures (!)*"

What we want is an edition of Mr. Ruskin's works thoroughly well edited, with explanatory foot-notes where necessary, all brought up to date—transient references perhaps even omitted, such as that made to the faults in picture-hanging at the National Gallery, long since corrected—and above all things, efficiently illustrated. We need more than the vague references to "new" additions to the National Collection by Tintoretto (p. 175) and others, which might be well known at the time the lectures were

SAINT GEORGE.

delivered, fifteen years ago. We need to know what portrait in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence is referred to on page 79, and what "sunset picture in Oxford Schools" Mr. Ruskin gave for instruction, and alluded to on page 165. We want all such works themselves well reproduced in the connection, as the Professor illustrated the lectures when he delivered them, and until we have such illustrations accompanying the text we cannot realize the full purport of the teaching conveyed in it.

May we not, also, ask for at least the essence of the unpublished lectures, of which Mr. E. T. Cook has given a foretaste in his notes included in his *Studies in Ruskin*?

*Auld Lang Syne. By the Right Hon. Professor Max Müller.
London, Longmans, Green, and Co., 1898.*



HIS work appears to have been compiled with very great haste, and the revision of the proofs leaves something to be desired. Take, for instance, the following sentence :

"These five men, the husbands of five remarkable sisters—of whom one, Mrs. Bird, is still living at the age of ninety-six (she died this year), and not only living, but alive to all that is interesting in the world, and full of good works—represented a power in England."

We confess that after reading this statement we still feel some uncertainty as to whether the lady referred to is alive or dead. We might quote other passages from the book which stand greatly in need of revision.

The book, however, contains a very interesting collection of reminiscences concerning many celebrities of our day, though one wonders at some of the omissions. Mr. Gladstone, for example, is never referred to. We naturally turn to see what the Professor

has to say of Mr. Ruskin, and find some interesting passages, from which we quote the following :

"He was really the most tolerant and agreeable man in society. He could discover beauty where no one else could see it, and make allowance where others saw no excuse. I remember him as diffident as a young girl, full of questions and grateful for any information. Even on art topics I have watched him listening almost deferentially to others who laid down the law in his presence. His voice was always most winning, and his language simply perfect. He was one of the few Englishmen I knew, who, instead of tumbling out their sentences like so many portmanteaux, bags, rugs, and hat-boxes from an open railway van, seemed to take a real delight in building up their sentences, even in familiar conversation, so as to make each deliverance a work of art. . . . And what a beautiful mind his was, and what lessons of beauty he has taught us all. At the same time he could not bear anything unbeautiful ; and anything low or ignoble in men, revolted him and made thoroughly unhappy. I remember once taking Emerson to lunch with him, in his rooms in Corpus Christi College. Emerson was an old friend of his, and in many respects a cognate soul. But some quite indifferent subject turned up, a heated discussion ensued, and Ruskin was so upset that he had to quit the room and leave us alone. . . . It is very difficult to make allowance for these gradual failures of brain power."

The foregoing passage, though of considerable interest, is a fair example of the vague and confused style which Professor Müller frequently adopts in the book under notice. Thus the Emerson incident is introduced by the remark that Ruskin could not stand anything low or ignoble in men, but at the end is attributed to his failing mental power.

SAINT GEORGE.

The Quarto No. 4. London: J. S. Virtue and Co., Ltd.



THE first words of the Editor's preface are very apt and significant

"Oh, oysters, said the carpenter,
We've had a pleasant run."

For as the promise made with the first volume to issue a series of four has now been fulfilled, this is the last of an interesting and successful experiment. With its handsome binding and artistic get up, on which much care has evidently been spent by editor and printers, it makes an admirable table book: while to any who take an interest in the art of to-day and to-morrow, the work to be found in its pages is of great and practical value. This volume is particularly rich in literary matter. Prof. Flinders Petrie discourses on "Egyptian Art and its Value," with all the authority that his unequalled first-hand knowledge gives him, while the illustrations add to the interest. There is an article of special value to the history of art: "In Memoriam Matthew James Lawless," by Gleeson White, illustrated by four examples of Lawless' work. The purely literary articles are very much above the ordinary magazine level. Prof. York Powell contributes a scholarly appreciation of Defoe, in which he sets out in detail the reasons why that author is now rehabilitated as one of the greatest masters of English prose. Prof. Arthur Platt has a bright and amusing, but withal, weighty article on Aristophanes, which even those who know nothing at first-hand of that mighty humorist will keenly appreciate. But the brightest reading is to be found in Mr. Laurence Houseman's sparkling pages on "The Zeit Geist" with its refreshingly keen (if somewhat odd) sense of humour, yet it is far from being mere trifling, and will provoke not a little thought, and perhaps share the fate of all unconventional work in provoking some opposition in the minds of its readers. Of the poetry, by far the best is the Editor's contribution "Butades."


In this poem (if we except the somewhat hasty close) Mr. Holborn shews a distinct advance in many ways on his former work, good as much of it has been. The theme is a pretty one, and we wonder that artists and poets have not used it more—the legend of the happy chance by which Butades of Corinth, disheartened by his failures with the stubborn bronze, before casting was invented, was lead to invent modelling in clay: how he saw the fair face of his daughter's lover drawn on the wall by the girl's playful hand, and seeing the dull outline, filled it in with the facile clay to give it life. Mr. Holborn has followed his usual tendency to dramatic treatment and produced a monologue for the most part, with a happy effect. The rest of the poetry is hardly up to the high level of the pictures or the prose, while music is represented by Mr. Moorat's setting of "Hark! Hark! the Lark."

Turning to the pictures which are after all the *raison d'être* of the volume, we find such an amount of work, all of it of considerable interest, as makes brief criticism very difficult. After the Rembrandt frontispiece, our attention is first attracted by Miss Edna Waugh's "*Rape of the Sabines*." This, although unfinished, shows signs of unusual power and strength of treatment. The motion and vivacity recall, with their vigorous touch, the men of bygone times, a not unworthy reminder of the spirit of Tintoretto. We look forward to seeing more of the work of one who we might almost say is in the times but not of them. Mr. W. Rothenstein contributes one of the most interesting drawings we have seen from his hand. We have no space even to mention all the pictures, but such works as those of Miss Nellie Syrett, Messrs. Calvert, Spence, Briscoe and Dickinson have more than a passing interest for the lover of art. The headpieces, etc., are full of character. Mr. Jones' clever work we do admire, but should admire more if it were a little less clever, while Mr. Goldie is as usual grim in the extreme, perhaps a little repellent. It is surprising that an artist of Mr. Goldie's ability is not more often to the front, for work such as he produces is very far beyond the

SAINI GEORGE.

average of modern illustration. From every point of view the volume is eminently creditable to its editor and welcome to its readers.

The Birmingham Magazine of Arts and Industries. Edited by W. J. Spurrier. Vol. I., Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

 HERE is much in these numbers of interest. Many of the illustrations are particularly good, and excellently produced. We regret, however, to notice that the proprietors adopt a most objectionable method of inserting advertisements. We turn to the article in the fourth number entitled "A Page about a House in Bull Street" expecting to find the results of antiquarian research, and learn that the said house is now under the supervision of Mr. So-and-so, who "submits such an array of novelties, in due season, as cannot fail to meet the most exacting requirements" and "that the leading residents of Birmingham are numbered amongst the *clientele* of this establishment." We protest against this most irritating method of advertisement, and we speak the more strongly because the magazine in question should be capable of much better things.

NOTES.

MR. GLADSTONE When the great headmaster of Uppingham School, AND
MR. RUSKIN. Edward Thring, lost, by death, one who was very dear to him, he exclaimed "To me, more and more, death is nothing; there is no such thing as death, no such thing as death." The lofty faith expressed by these words has been shewn by the nation generally, whilst mourning the death of its noblest son. The lessons of his life are felt to be eternal. It is needless for us to add another to the many panegyrics which have been pronounced upon him. Whilst we sorrow that we shall never more look upon that noble face, we remember that our hero has only changed his life, and his death should prove a new inspiration to all who are fighting for great and noble aims in the service of humanity. As Mr. Ruskin so justly remarks in *Proserpina*, "life, when it is real, is not evanescent, is not slight, does not vanish away. Every noble life leaves the fibre of it woven for ever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained—more stubborn in the root, higher towards Heaven in the branch."

There have been some interesting passages between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ruskin, which we have not seen mentioned in any of the accounts of his life which have appeared. In 1875 Mr. Ruskin received a pamphlet by M. Lavelaye entitled "Protestantism and Catholicism in their Bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations, with an introductory Letter from Mr. Gladstone," and in noticing this work in one of the series of letters he was then issuing under the title of *Fors Clavigera*, he made a somewhat strongly-worded attack upon Mr. Gladstone. This attack was made in ignorance of Mr. Gladstone's character and motives, and when, at a later date, Mr. Ruskin visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, he realised how greatly he had misunderstood him, and in a later *Fors* letter he wrote "I have to express great

SAINT GEORGE.

shame for some words spoken, in one of the letters of the first series, in total misunderstanding of Mr. Gladstone's character. I know so little of public life, and see so little of the men that are in it, that it has become impossible for me to understand their conduct or speech, as it is reported in journals."

When Mr. Ruskin reprinted *Fors Clavigera* he substituted the following passage for his earlier remarks on Mr. Gladstone :

"The passage now and henceforward omitted in this place contained an attack on Mr. Gladstone, written under a complete misconception of his character. . . . The blank space is left partly in order not to confuse the index references, partly in due memorial of rash judgment."

This little incident is equally to the credit of both. In a letter to the writer of these notes, Canon Scott Holland, who witnessed the meeting between the two men, states that it was as amusing by its violent contrast as it was interesting by its moral harmony.

THE LATE
MR. PLIMSOLL. The death of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll removes one whose name will always be remembered with gratitude and love in every cottage by the sea. In fighting for the lives of our sailors he had to face opposition of the most desperate and unscrupulous nature ; the opposition of vested interests which knew no pity. He met it with dauntless courage, and aroused such a wave of righteous indignation throughout the land as to make it impossible for any Government to delay further the granting to our sailors of the protection they now enjoy.

After the memorable scene in the Commons on July 22nd, 1875, when he denounced in fiery language the decision of the Government not to press forward their Merchant Shipping Bill that session, and declared his resolution to "unmask the villains in the

House who sent men to death and destruction," Mr. Ruskin, in his next *For's* letter, wrote as follows :

"As the master of the Saint George's Company, I request their permission to convey their thanks to Mr. Plimsoll for his Christian, knightly, and valiant stand, made against the recreant English Commons, on Thursday, 22nd July, 1875."

and a month later he wrote :

"I am honoured in the charge given me, without dissent, by the present members of the Saint George's Company, to convey their thanks to Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, in the terms stated at the close of my last letter."

A MODERN MERCHANT.

We confess to a feeling of intense surprise that the operations of the Chicago capitalist, whereby a heavy increase in the price of wheat has been effected, have been tolerated with so much calmness. It appears to us to be a grave scandal that the laws of any civilized country should permit a man, by reason of his superior wealth, to create an artificial scarcity of wheat by buying up all on the market, and then to re-sell it at a huge gain to himself. The laws of an enlightened country ought to protect its poor from being deprived of their bread in this manner, and its people generally from such dishonest trading. Wealth obtained in such a manner as this is indeed but the "gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger."

We would remind the Chicago capitalist, and all who condone his conduct, that the merchant's duty, as Mr. Ruskin so truly shewed many years ago, is to provide for the nation, and if

SAINT GEORGE.

need be, on due occasion, to die for it. To take advantage of a great crisis for the purpose of personal gain; to add to the horrors of war a condition of affairs, amongst large masses of the poor, approaching famine, appear to us to mark a nature of colossal selfishness and cupidity, deserving of universal condemnation.

ANNUAL
EXCURSION OF
THE RUSKIN
SOCIETY OF
BIRMINGHAM.

The Annual Excursion of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham took place on the 18th June last, to Chester, and proved most interesting. The party were guided through the cathedral by the Dean (Dr. Darby), and the ruins of S. John were afterwards visited, as were other points of interest in this old, and extremely delightful city. In responding to a vote of thanks after luncheon, Dean Darby made an interesting speech. He expressed his great pleasure in having the opportunity of welcoming to Chester the members of a Ruskin Society. Ruskin had been to him, for at least forty years, a very great and cherished guide. Dr. Darby spoke of the responsibility which devolves upon the custodians of cathedrals, and humourously referred to the difficulty they were placed in owing to Mr. Ruskin's statement, that if a building was falling into ruins they had better sweep it away and build a new one in its place rather than attempt what was commonly called restoration.

On the occasion of this excursion the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That this meeting of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, assembled at Chester on the occasion of its annual excursion, desires to express its respectful and heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Gladstone and her family in their great sorrow."

SAINT GEORGE.


The Journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham.

(The Society of the Rose.)

No. 4. Vol. I.

October, 1898.

M. SIZERANNE'S "*RUSKIN ET LA RELIGION DE LA BEAUTÉ.*"

 SIZERANNE is already known to English as well as French readers by his *La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine*. His more recent work on Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty is markedly appreciative of the Master from a French point of view, as indeed the word "Religion" shews. The work is an honest effort on the part of M. de la Sizeranne to present the Master's views and teaching to his French compatriots, backed up by a wealth of apt quotation which shews at any rate that the author himself is a thorough student of the Master's writings. We cannot quite gather whether he agrees or not, because the whole work is as it were objective. The author stands apart. That he has not carried some of his compatriots with him is evident from a recent article under the nom de plume "Gallery" in *La Libre Parole* *Jendi*, 30 *Juni*, 1898, "Commentary on the Whitelands May Queen Festival," of which M. Sizeranne gives a pleasant account taken from Mr. Cooke's *Studies of Ruskin*. The article says:

"L'écrivain distingué qui nous a fait connaître le célèbre Esthète M. Robert de la Sizeranne semble le croire—[that Ruskin originated the May Queen Festival, which he did.]—Je ne puis pour ma part me ranger à cette opinion. Me sera-t-il permis de rappeler que Ruskin se sépara maintes fois de ses chères bruyères de Brantwood pour venir en France.

SAINT GEORGE.

“ Dans le Forêt d'Enchantement et du Rêve—apaiser ses fièvres et réfugie ses lassitudes? Ignore-t-on que de chacun de ses voyages Ruskin emporta des souvenirs et des visions qui pour toujours ensoleillèrent son oeuvre et sa vie? ”——

The book contains two portraits of the master, frontispiece, aged 76, d'après un photographie de M. F. Hollyer 1895, and at the end of the Introduction the well-known portrait (à 38 ans) by George Richmond, R.A., 1857.

One day the author followed certain “jeunes femmes au profil Giottesque,” in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and heard them read, as if religiously, from a “mince livre rouge et or,” the *Mornings in Florence*, which he learns from the guide is by Ruskin, and he determines to study him. The book before us is the result. It is a worthy study, and will repay our readers.

The work is divided into three parts: (I.) “La Physionomie;” (II.) “Les Paroles”; (III.) “La Pensée Esthétique et Sociale.” Under the first he discusses Ruskin's “contemplation,” “action,” and “franchise.” The second is treated under analysis: “Image, Passion. and Modernité;” and the third more at length under “La Nature,” “L'Art,” and “La Vie.” At the end of the volume is a copious list of ten pages of references, and a short Bibliography. It is no part of the purpose of this brief notice to discuss any of these subjects, wide and far-reaching enough each one of them for an article or even a volume. Neither is it any part of its intention to discuss M. Sizeranne's presentation, but rather to recommend the volume to the readers of *Saint George* as worth their while. Books are to be read, says the Master, by advice, not by advertisement.

The work will probably be translated into English in a short time, and published by Mr. Allen.

It is a trite remark that some of the finest passages lose in translation, and the author must have been hard put to it to render some of them at all, and moreover his English must be above that of the average French literary man. Let us say that

M. SIZERANNE'S "RUSKIN."

M. Sizeranne is a competent critic, as his previous work on English Contemporary Art shews. He is enamoured of his subject, or bewildering multitude of subjects, a no special but everything in general subject, and the man. He brings to bear a wealth of refreshing illustration, artistic and literary. And this book is no small testimony to the truth of what was said when "il n'y a pas longtemps le directeur d'une institution de jeunes filles à Londres dit dans une solennité scolaire que le xixe siècle ne serait fameux dans l'avenir que parce que Ruskin y avait écrit." (Introd. p. 9.)

Jno. P. Faunthorpe.

NINETEENTH CENTURY IDEALS.*

By A. E. Fletcher.

THE nineteenth century started in life with its heritage from the French Revolution. That was not altogether an unmixed blessing. The watchwords of the Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," suggested, it is true, the highest ideals that we could ever hope to realise by human effort, but unfortunately the leaders of the Revolution did not rise to the full conception of the meaning of those terms, and did not adopt the right methods for translating them into facts of human history. Hence the Revolution failed, as all revolutions all governments and all institutions must fail that trust to brute force for their stability. It ended not only in the establishment of the military despotism of Bonaparte, but it put back for a generation or two those reforming tendencies which had begun to characterise the various Governments of Europe even before the fall of the Bastille. It had a bad effect upon some of our English statesmen, as not only did Edmund Burke lose his head over it, but William Pitt, largely under Burke's influence, gave way after expressing his readiness to acknowledge the French Republic, with the result that he entered into that fatal alliance which, though it brought us much military glory, simply ended in the re-establishment of the Bourbon. Not only that, it induced Pitt to adopt very coercive measures in this country in view of popular discontent at his policy. But just as after an earthquake a new splendour is sometimes given to the colours of the horizon, so after this great political convulsion men's imaginations were touched with a warmer glow, their vision expanded with a larger hope, and when the reaction which set in at the Terror had subsided, and especially when peace was declared in 1815 after Waterloo, men's minds began to revert to the ideas of the Revolution rather than its methods. Ideas, if they have a germ of

* Abstract of a Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 23rd March, 1898.

NINETEENTH CENTURY IDEALS.

truth in them, can not perish, whatever may become of methods. The first idea, as conceived by the better minds of the revolutionary movement in France, was the right of the people to govern themselves. That did not originate in Paris; we had made some progress towards its realisation in this country nearly two hundred years before, and a considerable advance in that direction had been made by the successful revolt of the British colonies in America. But it was new to France, whose people had no more idea of self-government before this period than have the victims of oriental despotisms of to-day, and a great impetus was given to it in this country after Waterloo. Hence began that series of reforms in the direction both of civil and religious freedom, which have been so marked a feature of the history of this eventful century. But with all the progress that has been made we shall not fully realise the idea of civil liberty until we give the vote, not to a man's land, not to a man's house, or his lodging, but to the man himself, and to the woman herself. Another principle of the Revolution was the right of the people to revolt against authority, not only in the state, but in the church and in the schools. That was simply the revival of the old Protestant principle of the right of private judgment. The revolt against the church in France was largely due to the corruption of the church itself. Owing to the travesty of religion, men began to doubt the supernatural sanctions to which the church appealed, hence they went back to nature for their religion. That was the mistake—they ought to have gone back to Nazareth. Hence arose that school of the revived materialistic atheism which at one time, under the inspiration of some very honest, some very able, but some very mistaken men,—men like Charles Bradlaugh,—threatened to be a dominating force even in English thought. But there is nothing more remarkable in the intellectual history of the century than the collapse of this materialistic school, and even the scientific materialists have now come to the conclusion that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

SAINT GEORGE.

There are two ways of going back to nature, and many of the leaders of the Revolution adopted the wrong way. The wrong way is to imitate nature, to content yourself with the enjoyment of nature's products, to become red in tooth and claw, which is a characteristic of certain lower organisms of nature, but not of nature herself, for nature is boundless as the universe. The right way to go back to nature is to obey nature's laws and to adopt nature's methods. The great artists, the great poets, who came in at the beginning of the century, went back to nature in this way. This was the method adopted by Wordsworth and by Scott, by Coleridge and by Keats, by Byron and by Shelley. Wordsworth was at the head of this brilliant galaxy of genius. It has been the fashion to regard Wordsworth as the peculiar product of the French Revolution, but it appears to me the chief effect which the Revolution had upon Wordsworth was to convert him from a very good Radical into a very good Tory. Wordsworth had held communion with nature long before the fall of the Bastille. Moreover, this new movement, which took its inspiration largely from Rousseau, was not a post-revolution, but an ante-revolution movement.

But great as was the influence of Wordsworth, the two poets who have influenced English thought quite as powerfully are Shelley and Byron. Both made great mistakes, both had faults which I do not wish to condone, but in estimating their character it must be remembered that their faults were the faults of youth, that both of them, though born aristocrats, were fathers of English democracy, as Burns had been the father of democracy in Scotland before them. Both were poets of revolt against landlordism, capitalism, greed, tyranny in all its forms. I think that of the two Shelley was the greater, because Shelley was absolutely unselfish. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest prophets of the century. I sometimes think that if Christ had come to England at the beginning of this century, Shelley would have been chosen as one of His disciples. If we wish to know whether Shelley was an

NINETEENTH CENTURY IDEALS.

atheist or a Christian, let us read his essays on Poetry and on Christianity, his remarkable manifesto which he called "The Rights of Man," which is the noblest commentary on the Sermon on the Mount that has been written since the delivery of that wonderful discourse. We must judge Shelley by the influence he has had upon the thought, not only of his contemporaries, but of those who have succeeded him. His verse is the Gulf Stream in the great ocean of song whose minstrelsy has inspired the best thoughts of the best men and women, on both sides of the Atlantic. You hear the echo of his music in all the after-verse of the century—in Tennyson, in Browning, Rossetti, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, but you do not hear much of it in our present Poet Laureate. Let us remember it was Shelley who wrote those imperishable lines, "Blazoned on heaven's immortal noon, the Cross leads generations on." Remembering that, let us never speak of Shelley's atheism again. Byron, of course, rendered very great service in preserving the purity of the English tongue, and not only that, he was one of the best democrats, and had a hatred for most of the things that Christ Himself hated.

Another of the great prophets of the century, Joseph Mazzini, had a very different opinion both of Shelley and Byron than that of Thomas Carlyle, and moreover Mazzini did a great service to English thought when he pointed out the weakness of Carlyle in regard to government and society. Carlyle preached the doctrine too often that might was right; he had not the conception of the collective progress of humanity. Ruskin admitted that he received his first inspiration from Byron, and I think Ruskin has had a greater influence in the formation of nineteenth century ideals than any other man since Shelley. That influence has been not only in the direction of cultivating popular knowledge of art and art principles, but in his application of those principles to economic science. Ruskin will live in the hereafter as a truly scientific economist. Regarded as a political

SAINT GEORGE.

economist he has laid down the only true basis on which you can build that science. He has simply laid down the doctrine that you cannot formulate any true principles of political economy that do not recognise the dignity and moral destiny of man, that the wide distribution of wealth in the development of perfect human beings is of far greater importance than its accumulation, and alone renders that justifiable; that it is not by competition but by co-operation and helpfulness that you can best develop a nation's resources; that the strict observance of duty is worthier than the exaction of rights; that the wealth of a nation consists in the amount of products which go to the feeding and clothing and rational enjoyment of good men and good women; that the strength and power of a nation consists not in your armies, not in your navies, but in the number of good men and good women whom you can rear. But Ruskin is not infallible, and he has rather disparaged the effect which the scientific men of the century have had in carrying out the same object that the true artist has, viz., the discovery of truth, although their methods are distinctly opposite. The great advance is apparent from the fact that now economic questions are becoming more absorbing even than political questions, and the questions of the future that will occupy different parties of the state will refer to the best means not only for the production but for the distribution of wealth. That is to say, it will be a fight in the future between the Socialists and the Individualists. For this we have to thank Mr. Ruskin largely, and Mazzini, because they really fostered the socialistic school of thought, although Mr. Ruskin would certainly not call himself a socialist, for he was a bit of an anarchist as regarded government.

I regret that Ruskin had not more respect for Charles Darwin, because Darwin is after all one of the greatest minds of the century, and had more influence in revolutionising our ideas than any other great teacher. Just as the early poets and the great painters gave the idea of the groggressive revelation of God in nature, so since

NINETEENTH CENTURY IDEALS.

Darwin we have got hold of the idea of the progressive revelation of God in the Bible and in history. The adoption of the methods of Darwin have largely produced those wonderful results which go under the name of the "higher criticism," and which it seems to me have given us much more enlightenment, and a much more inspiring view of the Bible itself. But unfortunately there has been a decided reaction of late towards materialism, as was shown by the display of the brute forces of the empire in the Jubilee procession. Then again there is a good deal of the war fever, fostered, I regret to say, by the newspaper press. All the great newspapers are in the hands of great capitalists, and the reason why I favour a socialistic programme is largely because I think that the influences of capitalism are corrupting and degrading. The revival of militarism is said to be in the interests of trade, but it is fatal to trade. This expansion of the empire, favoured, I know, by a good many people in Birmingham, is a mistake, because while we are expanding the empire abroad we are contracting it at home. We have cleared out of Ireland half the population during the last 70 years, and our rural districts have become greatly depopulated. We have 25 million acres of land lying idle at our own doors, and why should we risk a war with our French neighbours over some wretched hinterland of Africa, the whole trade of which amounts to some £400,000 a year. I say, let Englishmen put their idle hands to their idle lands at home, and not go murdering unfortunate Africans for the sake of introducing a market. All honour to the Wellingtons, the Nelsons, the Outrams and Havelocks, for they did their duty according to their lights, but in the times that are coming we shall need heroes of another type, heroes who will wrestle, not with flesh and blood, but against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

But notwithstanding these reactionary symptoms at the end of the century, I think we may start the new century with

SAINT GEORGE.

brighter hope even than our fathers started the nineteenth with. Because the nineteenth century after all opened in gloom. Europe shook beneath the tread of armies, and the thunders of war reverberated over land and sea. The masses of the people were sunk in corruption, degraded by grinding poverty and vice, denied the right of citizenship, even the right of free speech. Despite the reactionary symptoms which are now apparent we can still look forward with hope and courage, for we must remember there are other signs of the times that are favourable. I believe there will be a very great reaction against the present Jingoism. There is great hope to be derived from the democratic movement in Germany, whether we sympathise or not with the whole of the views advanced in connection therewith. Apart from this horrible militarism which is the despair of all social reformers, we have other influences to disestablish. There is the dreadful development of the gambling craze, gambling not only upon the turf, but on the Stock Exchange. I think even these are passing phases, and that there will be a reaction as education advances, because we have very much to hope from the schoolmaster. If we cannot bring the golden age again we can endeavour to arrive at the nearest practical approximation to it, knowing that whatever may be our disappointment, whatever our failing, however formidable may be the forces which wealth and rascality may bring against us, yet the effort is worth the trial, for it is only by such effort, hopefully, manfully, patiently endured, that we can foster those high ideals of life and duty by which alone man makes progress on the earth. So should we look forward to the day when our present barbarous notion of patriotism will break down before the larger conception of international helpfulness and co-operation, when government will be possible without a constant resort to a policy of blood, and bitterness and tears; the day when all men of every kindred, every race, and every tribe shall live together as brothers, owning one Father in heaven.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

“Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.”—*Jesus.*

“Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the residue of wrath shalt thou restrain.”—*The Psalmist.*

Ye who but dimly know that wheat is grown,
That cattle live their lives, and trees yield fruit,
To whom the heart of Nature is unknown,
Her workings hidden and her voices mute,
Ye shrivelled souls who know but city ways—
Turn from this tale, that does not ask your praise.

Ye who are wearied of the city's life,
The rush of men, the roaring in the streets,
The sordid horror of the huckster-strife
Which, whether bringing victory or defeat,
The loss of all, or Mammon's full delight,
Is death of soul to those who help the fight—

Hear, while I tell the story of a man,
A dumb great soul, whose word was yea or nay,
And little else; his inborn purpose ran
To deed, and not to speech. In skilful way
He wrought in wood so lovingly and long,
His hands became supplanters of his tongue.

His birth was of the north. Strong and well-grown,
A mountain-child, the fair and vigorous shoot
Of a free soil, untrained, he grew alone,
And drew up virtue from a healthy root;
Thus climbing to the stature of a man
Unspoiled by teaching of the pedant's plan.

SAINT GEORGE.

The country he was born in spreads between
The ocean and the mountains. There the hills
Roll upward from the beaches, grassy-green
And flanked with forestry, ribboned with rills
Whose waters, gathered in the valleys, lie
In lakelets or in gentle floods flow by.

There this man knew mankind in their true place,
As workers of broad earth, bound to the fields
By all their needs. dependent on the grace
Of sun and air and moisture for due yield
Of corn and wool and wine. He knew them not.
For creatures such as ye, who have forgot

Your best estate, and deepening misery find
In brick-heaps, where all flowers of virtue fade,
Unsunned for shadow of the walls, and pined
For earth and air : slain in the deathly shade
Where vicious weeds in rank abundance spring,
And foul corruption breeds in everything.

But in all manliness of soul he grew,
Knowing the earth would nourish him, although
His labours were unaided ; and he knew
No man for master. On such stems do blow
Strength, courage, kindness, pleasure in to-day,
Faith for to-morrow, and Art's noblest play.

He gained his craft in this wise. Near at hand
A fair-built church had stood without a harm
Through all the storms and warfares of that land.
Within 'twas overflowing with the charm
Of freemen's fancies, wrought in wood and stone
In olden days, when Art was on her throne.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

The vaulted roof and pillars were so made

The place seemed God's own quiet garden, where
Tall lilies had assembled and close laid

Their lovely heads to shelter saints at prayer,
And through the pictured windows' thousand gems
Heaven's morning streamed among the lily-stems.

Here, as a child, the man of whom we tell

Had traced the church's carvings till he knew
Their spirit. And as time passed, it befell

He needs must imitate them, with a few
Rough tools and wood-waste. Thus with earnest heart
He sought the labours and delights of Art.

For long, his carving had no other aim

Than to make images like those he saw,
Figures of saints and men of ancient fame,

Grotesques, and beasts with frightful tooth and claw,
Which peeped and peered, or stood in noble place
'Mid leaves and flowers in scroll and wreath and lace.

But all he saw, though beautiful, was old—

The lovely dead leaves of Art's deathless tree.

This summer's flowers become the next year's mould,

And feed the roots of flowers that are to be;
So the new craftsman laboured on, until
His own new thought inspired his gathering skill.

The forest charmed his genius. There he mused

At large on life, and simple answers found

To natural questions, such as lie confused,

Unanswerable, in minds whose range is bound
By books and walls; who nothing care to know
Beyond, and wide of wisdom wandering go.

SAINT GEORGE.

Thus living Art rose in this man again,
Teaching the use of shapes of plants and trees,
Creatures and men, as means of making plain
His vision of the world. For each one sees
A world no other sees, and as he can
Reveals his vision to his fellow-man.

Strange fantasies of various worth he wrought
Before he found what he might do of best,
Before he clearly knew the truth he sought,
And what might be, and what should be, expressed.
Then, as his knowledge prospered, in due time
The bud burst, and his Art swelled toward its prime.

Fine pieces of his work, in friendly ways
Were passed from hand to hand, and wandered down
The country side, to win some price and praise.
At length his name was heard in a great town
Where dwelt an architect, who loved his art,
And grieved to see his times, corrupt, depart

From worthy use and beauty, in a rage
Of greed and pride that bound men to the task
Of getting gold for spending. 'Twas an age
That feared to starve, and only knew to ask
Unwholesome superfluities of wealth,
For which men strove in ways of fraud and stealth.

This architect sought out the countryman,
Being in want of such a skilful one
To decorate a palace with a plan
In carved work, needing to be nobly done.
With just approval of the craftsman's skill,
And kindly words, he won him to his will.

Long in that town the craftsman laboured on,
Rejoicing in his toil. Houses and halls
He lined with works, the which to look upon
Was an uncloying pleasure. On wide walls
He spread fair woodland fancies, and o'erhead
Set forth religious mysteries. He said

So much in such wise that at length his speech
Was hearkened to by some of a small band
Of earnest folk ; and these spoke each to each
Concerning all that issued from his hand.
For no age is to Truth in Art so lost,
But that a few will prize them past all cost.

Thus there was lit a slight, uncertain flame
Of love for better things than strife and grief ;
A breath of country air and freedom came
Upon the town, and woke a dim belief
In common folk, that they should loathe their lot,
And anger at their misery smouldered hot.

For years, this heat was gathering. Meanwhile he
Who lit the flame wrought on with growing sense
Of wrong that was, and right that ought to be.
He pondered work of meaning so intense
That it might be like the prophetic word
In Israel, obeyed or not, yet heard.

For what to him was all the praise of men
Who purchased art they did not love, nor need,
For boastfulness ? What pleasure to him, when
His work was housed and hid by lords whose greed
And pride demanded sole possession ? What
Could satisfy this man, when gold could not ?

SAINT GEORGE.

A world of plans he pondered, but not one
 Could bear the burden of his mighty thought ;
And age crept near him, ere he lighted on
 The master opportunity he sought.
'Twas when the lords of state and lords of trade,
Meeting in council, resolution made

To build a palace, dear of cost and great,
 Meet for their city, holding ample room
For council, audience, business of the state,
 For feastings, and for judges to give doom.
Much carving of the costliest woods wrought well
Was needed, and the man of whom we tell

Was chosen for the office. Then his heart
 Leaped up in him, and he with plan on plan
Wrought eagerly, as though he would impart
 His soul to the dead wood. The life of man
From savage up to saint he typified
In sequence of designs that covered wide

The panelled walls, bold, beautiful and free,
 Balanced and reasoned, so the broad design
Of panel, moulding, cornice, might not be
 Marred by the detail that in leafy twine
Set off the carven stories. Round those halls
The prophet carved his vision on the walls.

But the great room of judgment ! There wrought he
 Things that no man might hope by any pains
To turn to beauty. With the gallows-tree
 He portioned off the wainscots ; with wreathed chains
Festooned the panels round, and fetters hung
Among the chains, in skilful patterns strung.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

The carvings on the panels told the tale
Of slavish labour. Peasants ploughed the earth,
And miners burrowed; sailors trimmed the sail;
Men without manhood, children without mirth,
Women unwomaned, plied mechanic hands
In slavish toils which power of gold commands.

But all was so expounded by his skill
That of the work's worth all men stood in doubt,
And no man said that aught was well or ill,
But waited till the plan was all wrought out,
Relying on the man to well complete
His task. For yet remained the final feat,

The building of the oaken mantelpiece
About the great hearth in the judgment hall;
And wondering anent this did not cease
Until the last, for nothing of it all
Was seen or known until the very hour
When the great house, complete from base to tower,

Stood with its gates thrown wide to all the folk,
To please them with the momentary boast
That it was *theirs*. (Thus tyrants gild the yoke
Upon their slaves with flattery.) The vast host
That streamed into the palace on that day,
Saw the last workmen as they went away

From the uncovered mantel. There it stood,
Massive, and beautiful with rich design.
"Beyond our praise! A miracle in wood!"
Men cried, rejoiced that craftsmanship so fine
Should deck their town. But those who press before
To see more closely, look, and joy no more.

SAINT GEORGE.

Nightshade and poison-ivy, and the leaves
Of mandrake, wreath and twine about such thorns
As made Christ's crown. The graceful work deceives
For but a moment, then a horror dawns
Of evil meanings. See, twin serpents hide
Among the leaves, and peer from either side !

With stiffening of the back and effort brave,
A workman and a woman and a child—
The fatherless, the widow, and the slave,—
Rise round each pedestal. With aspect wild
'They look to heaven, appealing 'gainst the weight
Of hands that crush them with a bestial hate.

And is this not enough of horror ? Nay !
The centre-piece is wrought into a head,
Blind-eyed, huge-mouthed, low-browed, agrope for prey ;
Thrust boldly out, as though the creature said,
" This is my kingdom." Each way to the length
Of the great cross-beam, thrust out in their strength

His arms are stretched among the leaves ; a hand
And mighty forearm down each side-post bend,
And the clutched claws are round their necks who stand
Below, his victims three. Nor this the end,
For lesser parables of evil lurk,
And weave dread meanings, in the direful work.

Then rumour spread of what the great work was,
And men began to speak of all it meant ;
But in low voices, and with heed, because
They felt as slaves conceiving an intent
And hope of freedom. All of that first day
Men came, and looked, and pondering, went away.

Before the night, the city's lords had learned
The mischief that was done, which had been hid
In the preparing. Fired with wrath, they burned
For righting and revenge. Some swore to rid
Their city of the craftsman and the thing
His traitorous soul had long been labouring ;

And these procured decree, that in the square
Fronting the hall, the man should lose his head,
And all his handiwork should perish there
By fire, next holy-day. "Better," they said,
"Destroy him there, before he worse mislead
The minds of men made fools by toil and need."

But while they counsel, other news comes in.
The people are astir on every hand,
And pouring down the thoroughfares, to win
The great square,—now already thousands stand
Surging and murmuring, choking up the space
Before the hall. The whole day in that place

A man had watched and waited ; one whose will
Was known unto himself ; whose mind could see
An end from a beginning, with the skill
Of instinct and of reason. It was he,
Quickened and strengthened by that moving hour,
Who gathered to himself, and swayed, the power

Of the uprisen people. Night and morn
His ear had been attentive to the word
Of all who passed him by. And now was born
A sudden deed, the fruit of all he heard.
He chose twelve men, and gave them all one speech
To make before the people, sending each

SAINT GEORGE.

To such a place that all the folk might hear.

Then at one moment these arose, and cried,
“Friends! at the last, a wise man without fear
Hath shewn you all the truth! Say, has he lied
In showing you as victims of a beast
That hath not eyes, nor heart, and makes his feast

“Out of your flesh? The gallows and the chain
Used by the law, hang over and about
Your slavish lives! Has there been any pain
Ye have not known, a toil ye are without?
And for whose good? Whom do ye satisfy?
Not even the fiend for whom ye toil and die!

“Now, though ye pity not your own poor lives,
Pity the man who did this deed for you.
Even now, the council of your lords contrives
Revenge on him. Hearken, this one thing do—
Take home the women and the young and old,
And bring your arms! Be of one mind, and bold!”

The fire hath caught the forest, and the wind
Of a set purpose forces on the flame;
The square grows empty, those new-coming find
Themselves borne back along the ways they came.
Silence and emptiness awhile; and then
From the four sides stride in a score of men,

Fifty, a hundred, twice a hundred, now
Five hundred, and a thousand; ay, the tale
Shall be five thousand full, with arms enow
To fill their hands. “No more, we shall prevail
With these! Send home the later comers all,
There let them stand to arms, and wait our call!”

Silence and emptiness again ; the men
Are fortified in houses round the square.
Their leader hath discerned the moment when
The soldiers called to quell them will be there.—
The tramp of horse and foot ; a gleaming band
Wheels from the street, advances, takes a stand

Full in the range of countless weapons, thrust
From every window. Now a ringing cry
Comes down to them : “Soldiers and brothers, must
Ye slay your brethren ? Wherefore will ye ply
Your trade upon your friends ? Does the poor pay
Wherewith the beast supports you, take away

The bonds of flesh ? Nay, join your arms to ours
And help to win the birthright of your kind !”
Then certain captains, fearless of the powers
Of any mob, and in their rage made blind,
Gave word that every soldier should take aim
In through the windows. Sudden bursts of flame

Answered each other, and a war began.
That night a heap of slaughtered soldiers lay
Out in the square ; the corpse of many a man
Lay in his home. And yet the murderous play
Was but begun. Six bloody days and nights,
’Mid smoke of burning streets, a hundred fights

Were lost and won. The beast, and the beast’s slave,
Were gripped in one last struggle to the death,
The earth their prize, and at their feet, one grave.
They clutch, they slip in blood, they strive for breath ;
The beast forgets his lust and pride and greed,
The slave forgets his terror and his need.

SAINT GEORGE.


Six days and nights the craftsman lay or stood
At his house door, and took not any part.
Speechless, he said no word of bad or good,
Weighing the battle with a steadfast heart.
But when the beast was slain, he rose, and said,
"Truth breedeth war until all wrongs are dead!"

Upon the seventh morn they had slain the beast.
Great names and families were rooted out,
Great houses levelled; power and rule had ceased;
The laws were burned, the lawmen sent about.
That day, the remnant of the people, free,
Buried their dead where homes were wont to be.

Fair from the blood and ashes of the past
Rose a new order, a new brotherhood;
The vision of the prophet was at last
Made flesh in men who chose the general good;
And King by power of love, not laws of hate,
The Craftsman sat and counselled in the gate.
John C. Kenworthy.

OVER-SPECIALISM IN WORK AND LIFE.

By John A. Hobson, M.A.

NCE, not so very long ago, in this country, every man with his family raised the food and made the clothing and other necessities of daily life, only dependent upon the labour of others for articles of secondary importance. His productive activities were many and various, his consumption was scanty in quantity, poor in quality, and lacking variety. From this we have proceeded by a series of rapid and familiar changes to a condition of affairs in which each man only works at producing a small portion of one of the things he consumes, while his consumption in its variety, if not always in quality of its workmanship, transcends the wildest imaginations of his ancestor. From varied work with narrow consumption we have passed by a swift transition to narrow work with varied consumption. Is there any limit to this movement, or will a man's work grow ever narrower while his consumption grows ever larger and more various?

We do not always realise how fast this progress is, or how far it has gone. Not so very long ago there was such a person as a watchmaker, a man who made a watch in all its essential parts. Now a watch is made by machinery with 370 separate processes, and instead of a man who is a watchmaker, we have a man who is $\frac{1}{370}$ th of a watchmaker. Once it took nine tailors to make a man, now it takes a good many more than nine men to make a tailor. There is not such a thing as a tailor, there is a cutter, a baster, buttonholer, etc. Each year new machinery, the superb embodiment of some new spurt of inventive skill, is applied to save labour, and to substitute a machine-tender for a skilled mechanic. Only the other day I saw a beautiful machine which a man fed constantly with bars of steel, turning out most exquisitely finished screws

and dropping them into a box all ready for use. This man's work in life is, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, to push in bars of steel for this machine to manipulate.

In each department of industrial life we know this is going on. Division of labour, the instrument of modern civilisation, is at work narrowing the producer for the benefit of the consumer. Nations too are specialising more and more, some confining themselves to growing corn and cotton, others to manufacture, England more and more to certain few kinds of manufacture, cotton, machinery and ships; within England large districts are monotonised by exclusive devotion to pottery or iron: town life is becoming more strongly differentiated from the country, the town itself divides into residential and business quarters and these again are split by endless subdivision. These are but the wider social aspects of the same division of labour which reaches its culmination in the machine-tender of the most highly organised modern factory—a man whose working life is incomparably narrower in scope and more vacant of interest than that of any living creature in the past.

But I shall still be told "The work of the world, the interest of the community, requires this sacrifice of the Individual. "The Individual withers and the race is more and more"—it is the co-operation of an effective society that you are impeaching. Modern progress requires the individual to narrow his work, but as a member of the community he gets back with interest what he gives up. It is true he may not always recognise the gain which comes to him for narrowing his productive life but he gets it all the same."

One may perhaps feel disposed to ask, how is it that if the individual is to make so great a gain by consenting to narrow his working life, he has so persistently objected to make the sacrifice; why has the artizan handworker always struggled so gallantly and so hopelessly against the machinery which was to save his labour and to raise his wages? Is it sheer stupidity and blindness? May

there not be some other saner human instinct underneath his opposition? I think there is.

But first let us realise a little more distinctly how this increased Specialisation comes about? What is the main motive force? It is the familiar force of "free competition." If we went back to times prior to the growth of industrial towns, we should find the ordinary labourer working in customary fashion, confined to some little spot of earth, a member of some little village, exchanging with his fellows only a small portion of the product of his labour, with few and simple wants, most of which he satisfied by his own labour and that of his family. But with each new widening of communication, with each expansion of the size of his community, choice of work and freedom of exchange becomes more possible, and economic forces operate which compel him to devote his labour exclusively to one class of work, obliging him to do not those kinds of work required to exercise his powers and to satisfy his needs, but some single work which society imposes on him. It is, I think, important to recognise that under a competitive wage system it is Society that dictates precisely what the Individual shall do, and drives him perpetually along the narrowing path of specialisation. For though it often appears at first sight as if it were the Capitalist-Employer, the organiser of modern industry, who wielded in his own interest the controlling force with which we are concerned, or else that the worker chose of his own free will to economise his productive energy so as to get higher wages, a little reflection serves to show that wherever competition is freely operative it is the interest of the whole body of Consumers that is really dominant; it is the Consumer who determines what shall be produced, how it shall be produced, and who shall produce it. Now the voice of the Consumer is the voice of unorganised Society, the composite, inharmonious but effective voice of Brown, Smith, Jones, Robinson, expressed through the mechanism of the market. This brings to light a paradox. Free Competition (we need not haggle here about the term free) the force which is

SAINT GEORGE.

almost deified by those who style themselves Defenders of the Individual, is seen to be the very force which destroys the individual and claims an absolute submission to the will of Society. It is this so-called individualistic method which claims that the Individual shall give up all chance of healthy all-round expression in work for the sake of Society.

It is not indeed the permanent organic will and true interest of Society which is thus enforced on the Individual, but the fluctuating irrational will of the said Brown, Smith, Jones, Robinson, who usurp the right to represent Society, and to impose their own caprices as commands upon the worker, because the mass of the consuming power lies in their hands. The power to demand the fruit of labour is the power to command labour. To the worker the voice of the Consumer is the voice of Society.

In a word, Free Competition socialises the Individual in this bad sense. The forces summoned to mitigate or to counteract this tyranny of Society over the individual worker are commonly described as Socialistic. So it curiously comes about that this so-called Socialistic legislation is employed to prevent Society from sucking out the life of the Individual by absorbing all his energy in some single ever narrowing activity, conducted without regard to the first conditions of comfort, health or safety. Socialism seeks to mitigate the sway of the Consumer, to limit the quantity and severity of the working energy which Society shall claim from the individual, to shorten the hours of the socially-directed labour day, to procure for the individual that leisure, education and opportunity for cultivating his human faculties which *laissez faire* would rob him of.

Set in terms of ethics the charge of Over-Specialisation comes to this. The ethical conception of man demands that each man shall be regarded as an end, as a being whose welfare and perfection is in itself desirable. Division of labour, as practised at present, tends to absorb the individual, to make him an instrument, a wheel, a crank in the great social machine, dominated by

needs quite other than his own. The sacrifice of the individual has gone beyond the just and wholesome requirements of co-operation. Ruskin pierces our industrial system to the quick when he writes: "It is not the labour that is divided but the man—divided into mere segments of men, broken into small fragments and crumbs of life. It is a sad account for a man to give of himself that he has spent his life in opening a valve, and never made anything but the eighteenth part of a pin."

So far I have confined myself to the activity of man in the making of material wealth. But the operation of the same forces of social tyranny, though working less directly upon the individual engaged in the making of intellectual wealth, is not less significant.

Intellectual Over-Specialism marks out for itself some minute corner, some little claim in the field of knowledge. Here it grubs a life long, often digging a neat hole in which it lies completely buried and enjoys in exclusive pride the little hoard of recondite truth it is believed, sometimes upon most slender evidence, to have collected. We have in modern Universities hundreds of men who thus completely lose themselves in the work of research, absorbed in the smallness of the task they essay and contributing little or nothing to the public edifice of learning. This is sometimes called "thoroughness" (the German *gründlichkeit* is commonly preferred because we have agreed to worship the Teuton for this quality). It is maintained that this minute division of intellectual labour is essential to good work. So our Historical Student confines himself even more exclusively to what he terms his period, an ever shortening epoch in the history of a single tribe, and sifts with admirable perseverance the countless minute mendacities of ancient records with a view of eventually eliciting the saving truth whether or not palisades were used in the Battle of Hastings.

To be guilty of disparaging thoroughness by word or deed is, I am quite aware, considered the unpardonable sin against knowledge. Yet I would submit that thoroughness like every other

SAINT GEORGE.

virtue is a mean: because many more persons are liable to err by being slight or superficial it by no means follows that there may not be an excess of so-called thoroughness. In its true sense of seeing through and round a subject in all its bearings, thoroughness is often damaged by the exclusive minute and continuous addition to detail which usurps the name. The minutest specialist perhaps in the animal world is the earthworm, which devotes its life to sedulously passing through its body minute portions of the little patch of earth in which it lies. To this process it has sacrificed almost every other function: sight, voice, hearing all lie undeveloped; and yet this earthworm knows less about the earth even than the mole, still less than the rabbit. So with your intellectual earthworm. Even from the knowledge-getting point of view he is a failure. Accuracy may be bought too dear. Exactitude of knowledge is unattainable, it is a will-o'-the-wisp which lures the student on to collect ever minuter and remoter fragments of evidence, to test and refine with ever growing scrupulosity what he has got. Since every fragment contains infinity, it may be chopped even finer and finer still: the specialist's knowledge becomes exacter but ever smaller in shape, and never attains its end. This is a sterilising process. The truly economic farmer will only put a certain quantity of labour on a given piece of land, although he is aware that more labour could elicit a larger crop. Why? Because there is other land which will lie uncultivated if he insists on getting the most out of one plot. So accuracy, superstitiously worshipped as the intellectual goal, involves in the end a squandering of power, and the too thorough man is convicted as a wastrel. Academic accuracy is often indignant when the vulgar would clamour for results. Yet the world is right. This method leads to a minimum of result. The academic student of this order seldom reaches any definite opinion, for he can never find a clear opinion quite justified.*

* "Heaven forbid I should fetter my impartiality by entertaining an opinion," said Nello the learned barber in *Romola*.

Such a pursuit of knowledge leads to the minimum of truth, sometimes endeavouring to justify itself by the taking paradox that the search after Truth is better than the attainment of Truth, which reminds one of the theory of the unsuccessful fisherman that the fewer fish there are to be caught in a pond the more sport there is in fishing. The stickler after knowledge who will accept no common working hypothesis, but constantly pursues exactness, follows through infinite time an eternally receding point of light which he never reaches.

An intellectual fanatic, he blunts his intelligence and loses the true focus of his mental vision by peering incessantly into one little heap of facts. His abandonment of the wider survey of knowledge, the renunciation which he deems his duty, destroys his intellectual judgment. Every bit of new knowledge requires to be tested by submission to the touchstone of the Universal before its value can be ascertained, or it can be understood in relation to knowledge as a whole. The over-specialist lets slip the standard of knowledge and is at the mercy of all kinds of private illusions and superstitions. Thus with misspent scrupulosity he frequently squanders his labour on vain trifles, counting each bit of knowledge equal to every other because he has lost the standard measure of humanity. Man is the measure of all things, the specialist who has made himself less than a man can measure nothing. The industrial specialist becomes a machine, the intellectual specialist either a pedant or a faddist.

The great work of the world has been done by hard workers, but not by close specialists: it has been done rather by men who in some sense have always claimed all knowledge for their province, ever in their turn scandalising by the magnitude of their claims and the boldness of their achievements the pedants of their age. I deny that small narrow men have produced the best and greatest work. Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Dante, Shakespeare, Newton, Kant, Goethe, Mill, Spencer, Ruskin—the greatness of the work of all of these depends on the quality of universality. True, we

SAINT GEORGE.

cannot all be Shakespeares and Goethes, but shall we therefore abandon all claim to some portion of the spirit of universality which made these men what they are? And shall we from a mistaken view of productiveness, and a superstitious worship of exactness, confine ourselves to an ever smaller field of endeavour?

In some respects this intellectual over-specialism is fraught with graver damage than industrial over-specialism. The minute division of labour in industry, if equally applied to all, would at any rate yield a maximum of material goods which are real and capable of satisfying human needs if they get properly distributed. But intellectual specialisation is not equally amenable to public control. It is largely the self-imposed action of an intellectual clique, and there is no guarantee that the wealth it affects to produce will not be bogus wealth, the mere paper value of ponderous pedantic books.

Tolstoy has shown with admirable skill how from the very nature of a student class, withdrawn from the harder and grosser facts of life and bound to justify this unnatural withdrawal, there springs a certain curious malformed abortive brood of theories, hypotheses, and dogmas, religious, political, literary, scientific, artistic, which are foisted on to the work-a-day world as the due and timely fruits of knowledge, as genuine results which prove and justify the cloistered virtues of the student class.

The history of the academic study of Political Economy furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which secret class intents and prejudices can *drive* thought: with its successive layers of theories of *laissez faire*, Malthusianism, Laws of Rent, Wage Fund, Bimetallism, and the like. No keen business man trained in the wider world of economic fact can fail to detect most of these theories as the offspring of interested specialism designed to choke off close scrutiny into social inequality and wrong by a pompous show of empty phrases masquerading as scientific truth.

I can here only allude to the output of idle theory in philosophy

and religion, the product of monastic and academic specialism throughout all time, the lamentable waste of much of the finest intellect of every age in weaving metaphysical and religious speculations out of cobwebs, sand, and other fanciful material, speculations aided and abetted by a theory of unsurpassed audacity, which claims as a special merit for such work that it will not wear, that their speculations are exempt from the test of service to human life, that philosophy cures no toothaches and bakes no cakes. It is difficult to avoid the secret suspicion that the bulk of the much-mouthed generalisations of transcendentalism, materialism, mysticism, in their protean shapes will be found out as little better than swollen platitudes, nine-tenths word and one-tenth fact, if as much. There is much in what Whitman says: "Now I re-examine philosophers and religions. They may prove well in lecture-rooms and yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds and along the landscape and flowing currents." It is at least likely from the artificial conditions of such intellectual production that this paper-stock may suffer a huge collapse in the intellectual market when a thorough business scrutiny takes place into the values which it claims to represent. Theories of life spun by the over-wrought brains of those who are not living a whole life cannot themselves be whole.

What then are we to do? Ought we to reverse the whole movement and march back to savagedom, the new savagedom of Edward Carpenter or the less ecstatic and more holy barbarism of Tolstoy?

Any attempt to tamper with the order of evolution, we are told, will rob us of all the fruits of progress. We are bidden to remember that this growing specialisation is but another aspect of growing co-operation, by which man helps his fellow more and more—and reaps the advantage in his capacity of consumer. This great co-operative society, exists for the consumer—the true co-operative principle—the consumer gets all the gain in increased quantity and in improved quality of the necessities, conveniences, and enjoyments.

But does the consumer necessarily gain by the increase of consumables which results from narrowing production? Can we safely assess the value of an individual or a national life by a mere consideration of the quantity of consumables? Does not the narrowed life of the producer affect the ability to wholesomely consume? Does not the damaged life as worker react upon the power to live and to enjoy? In a word, is it possible for a man to be a monotonous producer and a multifarious consumer? The natural law, "Whoever will not work, neither shall he eat," must be carried still further than to establish a general connection between consumption and production. It has also a specific bearing. A man who spends all his days poring over books in a library cannot digest and enjoy the fare of the farmer or the athlete. Neither can the navy after a long exhausting day of muscular toil reap and enjoy the fruits of others' intellectual toil. No one gets the full enjoyment out of any art in which he himself is not something of an artist. I would go so far as to suggest that the ideal gourmet would have some practical acquaintance with the art of cooking, otherwise he will not fully enjoy the culinary masterpiece. The arts of production and consumption are not naturally separate, though we strive to divorce them by giving to some the legal power to consume without producing, to others the power to produce without consuming. They are rather the two closely-related aspects of one functional activity, the action and reaction which belong to one another. The inactive man cannot enjoy his food: follow this out, you will find no man can wholesomely consume anything unless he has put forth the effort of making it, or some effort of a similar order. The argument for the eternal advance of sub-division and specialisation rests on the assumption that the consumptive powers can grow ever stronger and more varied while the productive powers are growing narrower.

But this cannot be. You cannot cramp the working life of a man, forcing him to confine the output of his productive force to

some monotonous detailed process, and at the same time enable him to take it out at the other end in capacity of varied enjoyment. The true balance of life, the eternal law of compensation, not merely demands that there shall be a correspondence in the output and the intake, between work and enjoyment as an aggregate, but likewise in the several activities themselves. Your thorough-going specialist in work, will be likewise a specialist in his enjoyment; he can only do one thing, he will only be able to enjoy one thing. Your specialist-actor, when he is given a holiday, spends it in the theatre; your over-worked busman, deprived of the opportunity of cultivating other tastes, spends his holiday on a friend's bus. This is a natural and necessary proceeding.

It is quite as reasonable to expect both to eat your cake and to have it, as to expect to procure for a man an increased supply of varied enjoyment by a constant narrowing of his work.

You cannot "take it out at the other end." An increased quantity of wealth, material or intellectual, produced at the expense of a further specialisation, brings with it unavoidably a diminished power of using and enjoying each unit of the larger sum of wealth, so that the gain in objective value can bring with it no net gain of enjoyment.

Is then all this process we call civilisation a mistake, and are we to go back to the absolutely self-sufficing individual? Clearly not. That would be to rush into the other extreme, which is equally false. Just as over-specialisation sacrifices the individual to the seeming interest of society, so a total undoing of the process would kill the social life by disintegration. What we need, here as elsewhere, is the middle course. But it should be clearly grasped how the middle course is not a compromise, but a harmony. This is best seen by a glance at the ideal of education.

Every child has many capacities of body and mind, all of which by exercise can be developed and made to yield a fund of healthy satisfaction. If the child were regarded as an absolutely independent self-sufficing individual, the ideal education would be

SAINT GEORGE.

based upon a study of the child's nature, and would be devoted to a harmonious and even development of all the faculties so as to provide the most perfect balance of the individual life. In the child of normal nature no specialisation at all would be attempted, for all specialisation would straightway show itself as maladjustment.

On the other hand, if the child was looked upon as living entirely for the State, its value measured entirely by its power to contribute to some State fund of strength or wealth, in the capacity of soldier or worker, no all-round development would be attempted. After an investigation of the nature of the child and the requirement of the state machine had revealed the precise work which this child could most profitably undertake, all education would be directed to fit it for this single task, only those faculties which were of prime use for that end would be exercised, all other faculties would be robbed to give the special chosen one abnormal power, and would sink by atrophy to decay.

Now if we get such a grasp of human life as to recognise that Society is an organism in which the parts exist for the whole and likewise the whole for the parts, we shall see that the ideal education must be based on a consideration both of the individual regarded as a unit and of the individual regarded as a cell of the body politic. The balance of these two claims is not a compromise but the law of the measurement of maximum utility. The antagonism is not a real one. Society seems to tug one way, self the other way. Society seems to say, "here is the one little vacancy in the social economy which you can best fill, you must give your whole energy to this work for Society, and sacrifice to it your private selfish self-development and freedom." Self seems to say, "the demand of self-culture is paramount; you have a large number of faculties, needs, capacities of enjoyment; you should cultivate them all in due proportion, and not have your freedom of growth impaired and your satisfaction diminished by yielding to the claim of Society to control and narrow you."

But this seeming discrepancy of interests is fallacious. An individual is not in fact an independent unit, and therefore cannot regulate his harmonious growth or attain his full satisfaction by applying the law of independence. Neither can a society maintain its healthy life other than in the healthy life of its constituent parts. This is the just balance of life for self and for society, which is in danger of being upset by that spirit of modern Commercialism or Materialism which looks at the goods of life too exclusively from the producer's point of view, and favours all that seems to make for economy of production, ignoring the consideration of the consumer and the danger which the modern arts of production inflict upon the arts of consumption and the capacity of wholesome enjoyment.

I hope this treatment does not sound wholly theoretic. Certain practical consequences of immense importance follow, I think, a clear acceptance of this view. One of these in its broad outline I have space to indicate. A healthy man in a modern society would insist that his working day should at least contain such variety of work as should give direct, regular and even balanced exercise to all the leading factors in his nature. Tolstoy holds that every day should be divided into four working parts, one devoted to some rougher muscular exercise, another to some routine mental work, a third to the exercise of wrist and eye in some skilled art or handicraft, and a fourth to intellectual work of some graver order. This method may sound somewhat fanciful, but surely some such appointment, so far as it is attainable, is required to maintain the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Not a few indeed of the wisest and greatest workers in all ages have practised such a habit of life. But a combination of modern forces wars against this wholesome regime, and for most of us it is impossible. Indeed, Tolstoy's counsel goes too far, for it would undo the work of specialisation which represents the claim of society altogether, and leave the individual's self-interest paramount.

The pressure of modern progress, as I read it, moves otherwise.

SAINT GEORGE.

It will continue to specialise the individual so as to reap the advantages of subdivided labour, but will diminish the proportion of the individual's work and life that shall be thus claimed for society, leaving him an increased proportion for individual self-expression in work and life. This surely is the true meaning of the growing demand for a shorter working day. Those who look upon this movement merely as a demand for increased leisure, more time in which to idle or to wastefully enjoy, utterly misread the deeper issue. It is the over-specialised worker's other faculties, the powers of wholesome effort and enjoyment which are at present thwarted and repressed, that are lifting their voice in demand for a fuller individual life. In every worker confined to a long day of narrow monotonous toil lie a score of imprisoned faculties, each a worker and clamouring for work and wages. So starved and stunted have these unused faculties, these powers of work and life, remained in most of us that a sudden enlargement of liberty will not at once produce its natural result. It must take some time for the undeveloped faculties, "dim eyes, cramped limbs, slowly waking desires," to gain their proper place in the economy of human forces which make true life. But surely progress if anywhere lies this way. The notion that a shorter day of wage labour will in the long run lessen the output of human energy and reduce the sum of wealth rests on two ignorant assumptions, first, that we can get the most out of a man by making him less than a man, second, that money and not man is the measure of wealth. Emerson's famous saying, "Every man is as idle as he dares," is at the bottom a mischievous libel upon mankind. Work is life and idleness is death, and as a man values his life so he must work. The primeval curse, as it is called, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is no curse. If Adam had been supplied with four solid meals a day "free gratis and for nothing," that were a curse indeed, for man had never emerged from the hopeless inefficiency in which we find him even now where nature has been most lavish in her gifts. Man does

not want charity, he wants earnings. The primal blessing which attached effort to enjoyment has only been turned into a curse by human stupidity and greed. It is the economic tyranny of unorganised society which has robbed most men of their just dues of work and life, and brutalised them by turning their soul and body into machines. It belongs to all true economic and educational reform to repair this injury by diminishing the claims of machine-production and by actively tending and exercising those latent faculties and needs which rightly used bestow upon every man "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE PURLEIGH COLONY

Woodham Ferris,

Essex, 18th, July, 1898.

My Dear Mr. Whitehouse,

You suggest that I should write for *Saint George* some account of our colony at Purleigh; an undertaking which I had hoped you yourself might fulfil, visiting us for the purpose. Since you cannot come to us, however, I will do what I can; only asking you to accept a letter instead of anything more formal, because I can only give you a few detached notes out of the whole mass of material held in memory and in sight.

I would hardly venture to do even this, but for the desire to acquaint others, who have learned from John Ruskin, as I have done, that there is in England one community at least, whose life is visibly ordered by the principles Ruskin has taught. This may be justly said of the group at Purleigh, after admitting all the errors and imperfections of life in which they are still entangled.

When you visit the colony, as I hope you soon may, you will travel from London north-easterly for 35 miles, into the hilly part of Essex. From the nearest station you will have nearly three miles of road to travel, to reach the colony land. Last year you would have had trouble to find the place, because in appearance it was not much changed from the surrounding half-desolate fields of the county where agricultural ruin has gone so far; but now, you could not well miss it, because of four acres of market garden, a hundred feet of greenhouse, some finished new buildings, including a new brick house, and buildings going up.

First, to note particulars which will give an idea of the limits of the colony. The community possesses about twenty-three acres of land, four of which, the market garden I have mentioned,

THE PURLEIGH COLONY.

are spade-cultivated, the rest being, as yet, in grass. Besides the buildings described, two cows, a horse and a pony, carts, many fowls, a brick-making place, and a good stock of tools and appliances, including a carpenters' and builders' equipment, make the common possession.

The actual "community," those who form the main working-force of the colony, and who really may be said to hold all things in common, do not, I suppose, count more than fifteen people; but at least fifty men, women and children are gathered in the neighbourhood, who entirely share the principles, and, as far as possible, the actual life and work of the centre group. Beside us, there is quite a colony of Russians, exiled for sharing the faith and the activities of Leo Tolstoy; whom common sympathies naturally bring together with us. Indeed, a Russian and a Dane are among our group of actual communists. But no distinctions of "groups" are insisted upon or recognised; our friends are not divided by any classification; simply we are together seeking rightness of life, and each takes the place he chooses, and has opportunity to take.

On a fine day, at this time of year, you will find the people, perhaps in a large body haymaking, or else scattered about the beds of the market garden; some building and carpentering, or or perhaps brickmaking. At dinner-time, they gather in a large marquee; other meals are mostly taken in the scattered cottages and houses hired in the neighbourhood, where the colonists mostly live.

To describe the life of the place is difficult. There is not, and never has been, among these so closely related people, any condition of membership, creed, or rule, even stated in words, much less printed or written. So that one can only discover the spirit and movement of the life, by working, talking, meeting, with those who are living it. Men from business, professions, the desk, and some workmen, have here come together, combining their resources not in any fixed way, but contributing much or

SAINT GEORGE.

little, as they felt they could and ought, to escape from "bondage to Mammon." You will find them all agreed on this,—that Rent, Interest, and Profit are forms of robbery, and that honest and good living is, to do useful work for the needs of the body, and to seek to satisfy others' needs equally with one's own. It may be said that John Ruskin's criticism of existing social and economic conditions is taken for granted in the thought of the colony. Truths which are revolt and heresy against our Mammon-system are here not even discussed, but accepted, and, however imperfectly, followed in practice.

To tell the story of the colony, from my own point of view, as one of its associates, I should have to go back to the time, seventeen years ago, when in Ruskin's writings I first found a clear statement of what I felt to be the truth about the existing economic system. We had in Liverpool, in those days, a Ruskin Society (I believe it still exists) which had for its object the establishment of precisely such an industrial colony as now exists at Purleigh. But no movement came, except in the cases of one or two individuals, who left the city to become peasant cultivators. There was not sufficient power of conviction or clearness of perception; something was wanting in our moral, our spiritual constitution. This I felt, and set out to seek the something wanted. Ten years ago, the clue came. The meaning and the consequences of the prayer, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive those who are indebted to us," flashed into my mind and filled it. You will find the idea set on foot in *Letters to the Clergy* (No. X.). As a business man, I at once saw the tremendous sweep of this, applied to our law of debt. I saw that the destruction of landlordism, capitalism, profit-mongering, the whole commercial and property system, would follow upon the destruction of the legal machinery by which debt is enforced and collected. I saw that Jesus meant there should be no enforcement of debt, and I saw that He was right, I became an "Anarchist," an advocate of the ending of legal compulsion, of government in all its forms.

THE PURLEIGH COLONY.

Thus an understanding of the diametric opposition of the principles dominant in our Society, to that truth of the Gospel which reason discovers and conscience confirms to us, grew in my mind, and I could not escape from the power of that saying of Jesus, "If ye know these things, blessed are ye *if ye do them.*"

Well, I left business, at last; lived for two years in the East End of London, to try to find out by experience what was to be done; wrote "The Anatomy of Misery;" found in the writings of Leo Tolstoy the confirmation and expansion of all I had thought and felt. All this I tell you, because it led up to the Brotherhood Church at Croydon, where two or three of us, who had come to an understanding and agreement, began the work of which the Purleigh Colony is an outcome. We had, from the first, a clear utterance, which has never varied since, except by growth in simplicity and precision: we said, "The Socialist economic, Ruskin's economic, is the truth." And we further said: "A good society can only be attained by following and realising the spirit and practice of life set before us in the Jesus of the Gospel."

The Quaker doctrine, Tolstoy's doctrine, the doctrine which says, "Resist not him that is evil, but love your enemies," made us singular among both Socialists and Christians. The doctrine that men ought to practise what they preach, to do what they believe, completed the teaching which brought us into a circle of misunderstanding and opposition. But one by one those joined us who accepted the truth, not in word only, but in heart; and who at last put the truth into deed. The final obstacle to the crystallisation of our colony was in the prolonged insistence, by some who wished to be with us, but did not understand us, upon "conditions of membership" and "rules of conduct:" But no such chains were to be borne, and at last the whole business came of itself, as it were. A spiritual unity was attained, and external unity, without creed or rule, resulted.

Our first settlement on the land was small, both in numbers

SAINT GEORGE.

and resource. The colony has grown beyond any possible expectation, in both respects. True it is not yet "self-supporting" in the buying-and-selling sense; but its moral power has kept it, and enlarged it, drawing to it people and resources; and moral power can carry it further. In all parts of the country are individuals, and even groups, who find life in the gospel teaching, and who begin to look to Purleigh for an example of how men may, if they will, emancipate their lives from conditions which to conscience and reason are unspeakable misery—a bondage.

But the first step to true life must be taken over one's own dead body. "He that seeketh his life shall lose it; he that loses his life for the Ideal's sake, shall find it to life eternal." Only he who truly ceases to love his life in the world, and truly begins to love the life of the kingdom of heaven on earth, can make the needed renunciation and endure the consequences. This cost must be reckoned with.

Only when we make the effort to live in the Christian spirit, do we come to know how barbarous, how unfeeling and merciless, life under Mammon has made us. What frictions and heart-burnings must be gone through, in the wearing away of our old serpent-skin! To begin the Christian life, is, for men of our world, to begin, full of bad habits, to learn the art of good behaviour to each other. It is not easy; it is the work of one's life. To search out and cast out our own faults, to help our neighbours to overcome their faults, as we would help a brother or sister in disease,—this is a quite new and astonishing undertaking for people of our world. One understands better now the patience of Jesus, the pleadings of Paul, the humility of Francis, the prayers of à Kempis; having seen what deep agony of soul and bitterness of life must be endured by those who would learn to harmonise their lives to the Christ ideal. The continual saying of the aged John, among the Christians of Ephesus, "Little children love one another," was uttered from a life's realisation of the supreme need of men.

THE PURLEIGH COLONY.

“By this we know that we are His, that we love the brethren.” The success of the colony at Purleigh will not be measured by count of heads, or measure of self-support, or comfort of its members, but purely by the growth among its members, of love to each other, and by the spread of that love over its borders, into the hearts and lives of the world about.

What do we need? Clear perception of truth; utmost faithfulness to truth; but first of all, great kindness to men, even to the unthankful and the unjust. Whom we love we serve; whom we love wholly we serve with soul, body, and goods. Such love and service we owe, we are taught, to God, Whom we discover in our fellow-men.

Our friends publish books, and a monthly paper, *The New Order*. We are at disposal, to do what we can for those who wish to take the way with us, and we are always glad to answer sincere enquiries.

And now, a matter is broached which will, I know, be of deepest interest to those whose spirit is expressed in Ruskin's “Unto this Last.” Perhaps good will come of it.

Believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN C. KENWORTHY.

REVIEWS.

English Contemporary Art. Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne by H. M. Poynter. London, 1898. A. Constable and Co.

IN the preface to this work M. Sizeranne states that his aim is to tell his readers of the English School of Painting, "of its birth, of its chief masters and of their great works, of the nature of its supreme originality; and to draw from such a study some conclusions as to what is to be hoped and to be feared from it in the future." He emphasizes, and with justice, the distinctness of this school. A Frenchman, on reaching the English pictures, feels, he says, that he is no longer amongst fellow-countrymen, and is doubtful whether they are his contemporaries. "It is like slipping a magic ring on your finger which transports you to a distant and unknown shore."

M. de la Sizeranne is well equipped for his task. He displays a very intimate acquaintance with modern English art, and has read widely and deeply of his subject. He is not always accurate, but despite occasional stumblings his book remains an excellent guide to certain phases of English art.

On the whole we think that the most valuable portion of the work is that devoted to Pre-Raphaelitism. The inception of the movement is carefully traced, and its story is told with freshness and originality, as is seen in the following passage, which gives us a vivid picture of Rossetti, the first to enrol himself under the banner of Madox-Brown:

"Madox-Brown, believing that it was of the first importance to bend this fiery nature to the strict discipline of reality, set the future author of 'Dante's Dream' to copy tobacco-jars. Rossetti had already gone through the Academy course without learning much from it, and he resigned himself, more or less willingly, to follow the teaching he had sought. He worked impatiently, furiously, with no order or

method; he cleaned his palette with bits of paper thrown on the floor, which stuck to the boots of visitors to the studio; he began a dozen pictures at once; then he collapsed into utter prostration, worn out, disgusted with himself and with everything; he would finish nothing, he would listen to nothing, he rolled on the floor, groaning horribly. Then he disappeared for a month. Madox-Brown was not offended, supposing that his pupil had heard voices from above calling him to other labours. . . .

"No one understood the temperament of this dilettante, bitten with everything; this improviser, who spoke on everything; this anti-papal revolutionary, who was full of saints and angels; this painter, busied with rhymes and rhythm; and his renown spread astonishingly. Gaunt and brown, foreign in speech and in looks, with an arched forehead and brilliant eyes, his hair falling on his shoulders, his beard trimmed like a Neapolitan fisherman's, his dress neglected and covered with stains, to the youth studying the 'round' at the Academy he seemed infinitely superior to the common run of port-wine drinkers. His passion for the picturesque, his scorn for the discoveries of science, his mysticism crossed with anxiety to sell his pictures for a good price, the perpetual activity of his mind, astonished his intimate friends to the very end of his life. By turns he painted and wrote, re-painted and re-wrote; fell in love with his model, Miss Siddall, hesitated for ten years whether he should marry her, and did so at last; then, when this beloved wife was snatched from him by an unforeseen blow, he cast his manuscripts, his finest poems, into her coffin, and for seven years he refused to unearth them; then, changing his mind, he permitted the terrible and mournful ceremony of recovering the manuscripts buried with the corpse, and drew a magnificent income from them. Finally, on his death-bed, after a life spent in utter religious indifference amidst freethinkers and antagonists to Romanism, he besought his astonished friends for a priest—a confessor."

Such intimate personal glances as these of the members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, will be read with interest by English as well as French Readers. The whole account of the pre-Raphaelite movement is very ably done, and not the least interesting feature of it is the manner in which Ruskin's influence upon the movement is shewn. It should be stated in this connection that throughout the book M. Sizeranne shews himself familiar with Ruskin's teachings, and has evidently closely studied his works.

SAINT GEORGE.

The account of the pre-Raphaelite school is followed by a study of some of the living masters—living, that is to say, when the book was written, for unhappily death has since claimed three of them—Leighton, Millais, and Burne-Jones.

The book contains numerous reproductions of pictures by the artists treated of, which increase the charm of a work which our readers will find of great interest and value.

Venice: Grant Allen's Historical Guides. London: 1898, Grant Richards.



ALL who are familiar with the earlier Historical Guides issued by Mr. Grant Allen, will eagerly welcome this latest addition to the series. Mr. Allen's Guide to Venice is a most capable and scholarly work, and will maintain the high reputation which the author made by his works on Paris, Florence, and the Cities of Belgium. These Guides are as unlike the ordinary ones as it is possible to imagine. The writer's purpose, as he states in the introduction, is not to direct the stranger through the streets and squares of an unknown town towards the buildings or sights which he may desire to visit, still less to give him practical information about hotels, cab fares and such matters. He desires "rather to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits."

Mr. Allen carries out the plan which he thus indicates in such a manner that his work will not only be indispensable for visitors to Venice, but will be read with interest by many who cannot see for themselves the beauties here described with such vividness and accuracy.

NOTES.

RUSKIN AND
SPURGEON.

In the second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's Autobiography, which has recently been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, we are reminded of the personal regard which Mr. Ruskin had for the famous preacher, whom he frequently heard. Mrs. Spurgeon thus describes a visit he paid to her husband when the latter was recovering from a serious illness in 1858 :

"My beloved was downstairs for the first time that day, and was lying on the couch in the room I have indicated. How well I remember the intense love and devotion displayed by Mr. Ruskin, as he threw himself on his knees by the dear patient's side, and embraced him with tender affection and tears. 'My brother, my dear brother,' he said, 'how grieved I am to see you thus !' His sorrow and sympathy were most touching and comforting. He had brought with him two engravings—gems of artistic taste, which still adorn the walls of one of the rooms at 'Westwood,'—and some bottles of wine of a rare vintage, which he hoped would prove a cordial to the sufferer's much-weakened frame. My husband was greatly moved by the love and consideration so graciously expressed, and he very often referred to it afterwards in grateful appreciation ; especially when, in later years, there came a change of feeling on Mr. Ruskin's part, and he strongly repudiated some of the theological opinions to which Mr. Spurgeon closely clung to the end of his life."

THE MEETING
OF RUSKIN AND
GLADSTONE.

Since our last number appeared, Canon Scott Holland has contributed to the pages of *The Commonweal* a very full and interesting account of the meeting between Gladstone and Ruskin, at which he was present, and which we briefly referred to in this column in our July issue. We quote the following passage from the Canon's article, which should, however, be read in full :

SAINT GEORGE.

"The amusement of the meeting of the two lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit.

"They might talk on the safest of topics and still the contrast was inevitable. We heard Gladstone get on Homer and the *Iliad*, and a sense that there, at least, all would be well, came over us; what was our despair when we realised that in the poetic record of some prehistoric exchange, Mr. Gladstone was shewing how thoroughly Homer had entered into those principles of barter which modern economic science would justify. As he paused in an eloquent exposition for a response from his listener, Mr. Ruskin said in a tone of bitter regret, 'And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then.'

"At another time, Walter Scott was uppermost. Here indeed we thought was common ground; but Mr. Gladstone unfortunately dropped the remark that 'Sir Walter had made Scotland,' and on Mr. Ruskin's enquiry as to the meaning of the phrase, imagine our anxiety when Mr. Gladstone began telling us of the amazing contrast between the means of communication in Scotland before Sir Walter wrote compared with the present day. He poured out stores of most interesting characteristic memories of his own days when one coach a week ran between this town and that, and of the strange isolation of the human life hidden away in the Highlands, and with this he triumphantly compared the number of coaches and char-a-bancs, etc., that were conveying masses of happy trippers up and down the trossachs. Mr. Ruskin's face had been deepening in horror, and at last he could bear it no longer: 'But, my dear Sir,' he broke out, 'that is not making Scotland: that is unmaking it!'

THE MODESTY
OF RUSKIN'S
WORK.

We have pleasure in printing the following extract from a thoughtful and interesting letter we have received from a reader in London:

"I had occasion the other day, in conversation, to defend Mr. Ruskin as a modest writer. The usual charge had been preferred

against him—that he was arrogant, imperious, dictatorial, etc. I replied that he was the most modest of all writers. When he was a young man he did not suppose himself qualified to write about anything more important than ‘stones and clouds and flowers.’ Only in mid-life did he set himself to write the great laws of Human Economy. And in his old age he set to work to purify the Christian Faith from the mists which have been gathering round it since the twelfth century. An arrogant person always begins by trying to set forth the greatest facts in heaven and earth, and ends by despising lowly surroundings of our present life.

“I don’t know whether this has been pointed out before. . . . It seems to me entirely to refute the charge of arrogance so often brought (and with some appearance of truth) against Mr. Ruskin.

“I was glad to see *Saint George’s* protest against the conduct of Leiter, the American capitalist, in ‘cornering’ the wheat; but I wish more stress had been laid on the impiety of the act. Many people have condemned it as ‘heartless,’ ‘cruel,’ ‘selfish,’ etc., but it never seems to strike anyone what a horribly profane thing it was. Remembering how much Mr. Ruskin has written about the ‘sacredness of good,’ I think, if you will pardon me for saying so, I should like to have heard the good *Saint* insist a little more definitely on that side of the matter.”

We entirely agree with our correspondent’s remarks respecting Mr. Ruskin’s modesty, a virtue which he has always striven to inculcate in others. Let us remember his words to young artists at the close of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, a work produced when he was twenty-three years old :

“From young artists nothing ought to be tolerated but simple bonafide imitation of nature. They have no business to ape the execution of masters; to utter weak and disjointed repetitions of other men’s words, and mimic the gestures of the preacher, without understanding his meaning or sharing in his emotions. We do not want their crude ideas of composition, their unformed conceptions of the beautiful, their unsystematized experiments upon the sublime. We scorn their velocity; for it is without direction: we reject their decision; for it is without grounds: we condemn their composition; for it is without materials: we reprobate their choice; for it is without comparison. Their duty is neither to choose, nor compose, nor imagine, nor experi-

SAINT GEORGE.

mentalize; but to be humble and earnest in following the footsteps of nature, and tracing the finger of God. Nothing is so bad a symptom, in the work of young artists, as too much dexterity of handling; for it is a sign that they are satisfied with their work, and have tried to do nothing more than they were able to do. Their work should be full of failures, for these are the signs of efforts. They should keep to quiet colours, greys and browns; and, making the early works of Turner their example, as his latest are to be the object of emulation, should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth. Then, when their memories are stored, and their imaginations fed, and their hands firm, let them take up the scarlet and the gold, give the reins to their fancy, and shew us what their heads are made of. We will follow them wherever they choose to lead; we will check at nothing; they are then our masters and are fit to be so. They have placed themselves above our criticism, and we will listen to their words in all faith and humility; but not unless they themselves have before bowed, in the same submission, to a higher Authority and Master."

C. COMBRIDGE.

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